

POPULAR SONGS,

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FOR THE YEAR 2002

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POPULAR SONGS,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE FRENCH
INVASIONS OF IRELAND.

PARTS III AND IV.
THE BANTRY BAY AND KILLALA INVASIONS.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES, BY

T. CROFTON CROKER.

**He that Englund would win,
Must with Ireland first begin.**

Old Proverb.

"Mais il ne considère l'Irlande que comme le chemin de Londres."

Life of General Hoche.

LONDON :
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THE BASTY BAY AND KILLALA INVASION

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND NOTES BY

T. CHURTON CHURCH

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FRENCH INVASIONS OF IRELAND.

1796—1798.

INTRODUCTION TO PARTS III AND IV.

DURING the war between England and republican France, two armaments were fitted out by France for the invasion of Ireland. Fortunately for England, the first and most formidable of these expeditions arrived before the system of action proposed by the Association of United Irishmen had organized the remote southern districts. And when the two divisions which composed the latter made their appearance, the popular rebellion of 1798 had been so far crushed, that, comparatively speaking, the support given to the French by the country at large was trifling and unimportant.

The first, or BANTRY BAY INVASION, occurred in December 1796. It consisted of a formidable French fleet, with 14,000 troops; which fleet, immediately after its departure from Brest, was

separated by a violent storm. Several of the ships reached Bantry bay on the south-west coast of Ireland, and some of them lay there at anchor for about a week, without making any attempt to land. General Hoche, and Admiral de Galle, the military and naval commanders-in-chief of the expedition, were on board one of the missing ships, and never joined the main body. For this circumstance a curious explanation is first made public in a subsequent page. The French admiral (Bouvet), therefore, hesitated to disembark the troops, without the orders of his superior officer, and finally such of the vessels as had escaped shipwreck or capture returned to France.

The other and last invasion of Ireland occurred in the autumn of 1798. More than three-fourths of the troops upon that occasion destined for Ireland were to sail from Brest, the remainder from Rochefort. Everything was so arranged that the same wind enabled Bompart, the naval commander of the Brest division, and Savary, who commanded that of Rochefort, to set sail simultaneously. The troops were embarked, with the necessary supplies of arms, ammunition and stores. All was ready; and the money required by Generals Hardy and Humbert, was drawn for on the bank in cash, and the necessary orders and advice were given to the treasury.

On the 28th of July, two couriers extraordinary were dispatched from Paris, one to Brest, the other to Rochefort, each bearing an order to the commanders of the expeditions to set sail on the first breath of a favourable wind. General Humbert received the cash intended for him, paid his troops, and Savary's division accordingly sailed from Rochefort on the 4th of August.

At Brest, on the contrary, General Hardy, in consequence of a failure in the transmission of the money, was obliged to send back the extraordinary courier on the 2nd of August, to announce, that nothing but the absolute want of pecuniary means prevented the armament from sailing. And thus was the departure of Bompert's squadron delayed to the 17th of September.

In the meantime, Savary, who had steered a circuitous course, avoided falling in with any English ship, and on the 22nd of August 1798, landed General Humbert and his troops, which should be considered merely as the van-guard of the Brest expedition, at Killala. Humbert's force consisted of about a thousand soldiers. With this small body of men, he surprised and seized the town of Killala; made the bishop prisoner, and then advanced towards Castlebar, where he defeated the British troops, and became master of that town. But after two or three

smart skirmishes Humbert found himself so completely surrounded and overwhelmed by numbers, that he surrendered with his men, as prisoners of war, at Ballinamuck, on the 8th of September, seventeen days after landing.

The Brest division arrived off the coast of the county of Donegal, on the 10th of October following. But an English squadron under the command of Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren, brought this fleet to action, and prevented the landing of troops. The commodore's ship, with the rebel *Tone* on board, was captured, and of the eight frigates, of which it consisted, two only escaped.

Such is a broad outline of the fate of the invasions of Ireland, by France, at the close of the last century. Various details necessary to illustrate the songs of this period of general excitement and alarm, are given in the foot notes, and where the editor is unable to refer to any general and authentic account (as in the case of the Bantry bay invasion), he has not hesitated to extend the introductory notice into a slight historical sketch.

THE BANTRY BAY INVASION—1796.

No general account of the French invasion of Banttry Bay has been published ; and as the history of all political events is best written after the lapse of one or more centuries, while the anecdotes which form important historical illustrations are best related as soon as possible after the occurrence ; it is evident that the editor stands too remote from either of the periods, to be able satisfactorily to supply this want, did the limits of the present work allow of his doing so.

The paragraphs to be found in the newspapers and periodicals of the day, respecting this important event, are meagre and questionable, and upon the whole the journal of Theobald Wolf Tone, edited by his son, and printed at Washington in 1826, supplies the best information respecting the organization of this formidable armament.

The seditious conduct of Tone in Ireland had caused him to become an exile in America, where, stimulated to action and supplied with funds by his revolutionary friends, he determined on proceeding to France as agent for the Society of United Irishmen. But there can be little doubt that before this movement, Lord

Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Arthur O'Connor had secretly communicated with the French government, for the invasion of their country. Tone reached Havre on the 2nd of February, 1796; and after his arrival in Paris, he was put into the proper channels for diplomatic negociation by Munro, the American minister. That America was cautiously intriguing for the separation of Ireland from England at this period, is evident from the recommendations given to Tone by Munro, and by Munro's successor (Adet) having offered Tone money for his expenses, when the French government refused to do so, even after he had received a commission in the service of the republic.

The vague plans of the French ministry for the invasion of Ireland, appeared to have assumed a definite shape, which offered some reasonable prospect of success, about the 3rd of April 1796. Three months after, that is to say in June, Tone seems to have been aware of what was going forward. A commission dated the 19th of June as chef de brigade (a rank which answers to that of colonel in our service), was given to him; and delighted by this elevation, he, according to his own confession, directly aspired at the post of Ambassador from the Irish republic to France. Early in July Tone was informed by General Clarke, that upon the arrival of General Hoche to confer with the directory, the final arrangements for the invasion of Ireland would be made. At this time Tone's finances were completely exhausted; on the 6th of July he writes: "Here I am, with exactly two louis in

my exchequer, negociating with the French government and planning revolutions." Tone was introduced on the 12th of July to General Hoche, by whom he was subsequently appointed adjutant general. And he was directed by him to draw up a proclamation respecting the invasion of Ireland, of which important document Hoche on the 23rd of July shewed him a copy in print.

This circumstance would probably be unworthy of notice, did it not prove how effectually secrecy was preserved by the ingenious conduct of Hoche, which prevented a copy of the proclamation falling into the hands of the English spies, who were well known to be abundant in Paris, and also in every considerable sea-port of France, and who were assured of receiving a considerable reward for the authentic communication of any important intelligence. Hoche caused proclamations, as if the armament fitting out at Brest was destined for Portugal, to be printed both at Paris and Brest, with the usual precautions to ensure secrecy, and copies of these speedily reached England. The proclamation as to the real destination of the expedition was printed at the town of Pau, distant nearly two hundred miles from Brest, without any attempt at secrecy, by a common printer who was living there in 1831. This and similar extraordinary manœuvres by Hoche, appear to have completely baffled the activity of the English spies at Brest, and will in some measure account for the vague and doubtful intelligence which it is evident the English government had

respecting the destination of this formidable armament. But the mystery of this extraordinary historical passage remains to be cleared up.

After a residence in Paris of more than seven months, Tone quitted the French capital on the 17th of September, to join General Hoche at Brest. General Lazarus Hoche, to whom the command of the expedition was entrusted, is considered to have been one of the ablest men of his time, and in military skill inferior to none of his contemporaries. "Hoche était un enfant de la révolution"; he was born on the 24th February 1763, had been brought up in the corps of gens-d'armes (or the guards), which first declared in favour of the republic, and we are told from the commencement of his career possessed the proud bearing of a soldier. "Une femme de la cour l'ayant remarqué, dans une revue à Versailles, avait dit avec intérêt, 'On ferait un général de ce jeune homme. Tout son air est, en effet, de quelqu'un qui doit commander aux autres.'" His conduct soon attracted attention; in the battle of Honschoot, Hoche acted as adjutant-general, and so eminently distinguished himself as to induce the committee of public safety to give him the command of the army of the Moselle, which he joined in the winter of 1793. Notwithstanding that the men were suffering many painful privations, and the season was remarkably severe, after fourteen days of hard fighting, and forced marches through a mountainous and snow-covered country, Hoche succeeded in forming a junction with the republican army

of the Rhine. The command of both armies was entrusted to him, and the result of their union was the raising of the blockade of Landau, the expulsion of the enemy from Alsace, and the recapture of the fort Vauban.

The conduct of Hoche, however, fell under suspicion, and he was recalled and imprisoned; owing as is stated in the "Histoire Moderne," of the 18th century, to the hatred of St. Just, and Hoche would doubtless have perished on the scaffold had it not been for the Revolution of 27th July 1794.* On his release he was sent to take the command in La Vendée. At Quiberon, Hoche obtained a decisive victory over a body of royalists, who had returned to their country from England; and much as his success gratified the republicans, his conduct in La Vendée appears to have also received the commendation of his enemies.

In a speech delivered in the Constitutional Circle, by General Jourdan, on the death of Hoche, he says:—"Hoche was now appointed by government to en-

* The editor is indebted to Mr. Blachford, Member of the Percy Society, for a copy of the following original document respecting Hoche's imprisonment: the date of which is 23rd April 1794.

"Du 23e Germinal an 2 rep. Fr. indivisible.

Le Comité de salut public arrête que le Citoyen Hoche detenu dans la Maison des Carmes en vertu d'un arrêté précédent, sera mis au secret dans cette maison.

J. BARERE.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

ROBESPIERRE.

Expedié.

ST. JUST.

COUTHON.

counter new dangers and acquire fresh glory. He embarked to carry liberty to the people of Ireland, and terror to the cabinet of St. James's."

The entire summer of 1796, was consumed in fitting out the armament at Brest; the want of money retarded the equipment, and it was further embarrassed by a bad understanding which existed between the naval and military services. On the 1st of December Tone was ordered on board the *Indomptable* of 80 guns, Captain Bedout. The naval force, he tells us, at this time consisted of fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, and seven or eight transports, and that 13,400 troops were embarked.* The squadron of Admiral Richery, which had been cruising off the coast of Newfoundland, was directed to repair to Brest to join this fleet; and on board the ships of Richery's squadron 1700 additional troops were embarked. According to Tone, on the 16th of December there were "15,000, or more correctly, 13,975 men, and 45,000 stand of arms embarked" for the invasion of Ireland.† This force of 14,000 is magnified in the

* "The French fleet," according to James, "numbered forty-three sail; of which seventeen were of the line (all two deckers), fourteen frigates, six corvettes, and brigs, and the remaining six, large, roomy transports, some of which had been ships of war. On board this fleet were about twenty-five thousand men, both cavalry and infantry."—Vol. i. 393.

† The following is a list of the names of the ships of which the expedition consisted.

Ships of the line, 17 :—*Indomptable*; *Nestor* (driven on shore :

London Gazette of the 3rd of January 1797, into 20,000, and in the *Annual Register* into 25,000 soldiers.

The address distributed by Hoche among the fleet, the day previous to their departure ran thus :—

(Device. A lictor's axe with a branch of oak on each side, upon a shield, surmounted by the cap of liberty,

James is silent on this); Cassard; Droits de l'homme (driven on shore); Tourville; Eole; Fougueux; Mucius; Redomptable; Patriote; Pluton; Constitution; Trajan; Watigny; Pégase (afterwards the Hoche and H. M. S. Donegal); Revolution; Séduisant (Captain Dufosse, "wrecked Dec. 16, on the grand Stevenet, going out of Brest. About thirteen hundred and forty of her fourteen hundred seamen and troops perished." *James*, vol. ii.).

Frigates 13:—La Cocard; Bravoure; Immortalité (Rear Admiral Bouvet and General Grouchy); Bellone; Coquille; Romaine; Sirène; Impatiente ("wrecked 30th of December on the Mizen head; crew except seven perished." *James*, vol. ii.); Surveillante (scuttled and sunk in Bantry bay; Charente; Resolue (Rear Admiral Nielly, dismasted by being run foul of in Bantry bay by the Indomptable, and towed into Brest on the 11th of January by Pégase); Tartare (captured, 5th of January 1798, after a short action, by the Polyphemus (64), and brought into Cork harbour. The Tartare had six hundred and twenty-five men on board, including troops, and had sixteen killed and thirty-five wounded in the action; the Polyphemus lost only one marine); Fraternité (Vice Admiral Morand de Galle, with Generals Hoche and Borin, and Adjutant General Bruix, on board).

Armés en flutes 2:—Scævola (foundered Dec. 30th off the coast of Ireland; crew saved by the French (74) Revolution." *James*, vol. ii.); Fidèle.

Corvettes, 5:—Mutine (taken); Renard; Atalante (taken); Voltigeur or Vautour; Affronteur.

and supported by various naval and military trophies. At its base, a broken yoke and dissevered chain.)

*Transports, 6 :—*Justine (probably foundered at sea with all on board; supposed to have four hundred and fifty troops. Unnoticed by *James*); Nicodème or Nicomede; Suffren or Suffrein; Expériment; Alégre (taken by H. M. S. Spitfire); Ville d'Orient (captured by Unicorn, Doris and Druid, cruizing in company, and brought into Kinsale, with four hundred hussars on board, completely equipped; some mortars, cannons, muskets, &c. Unnoticed by *James*).

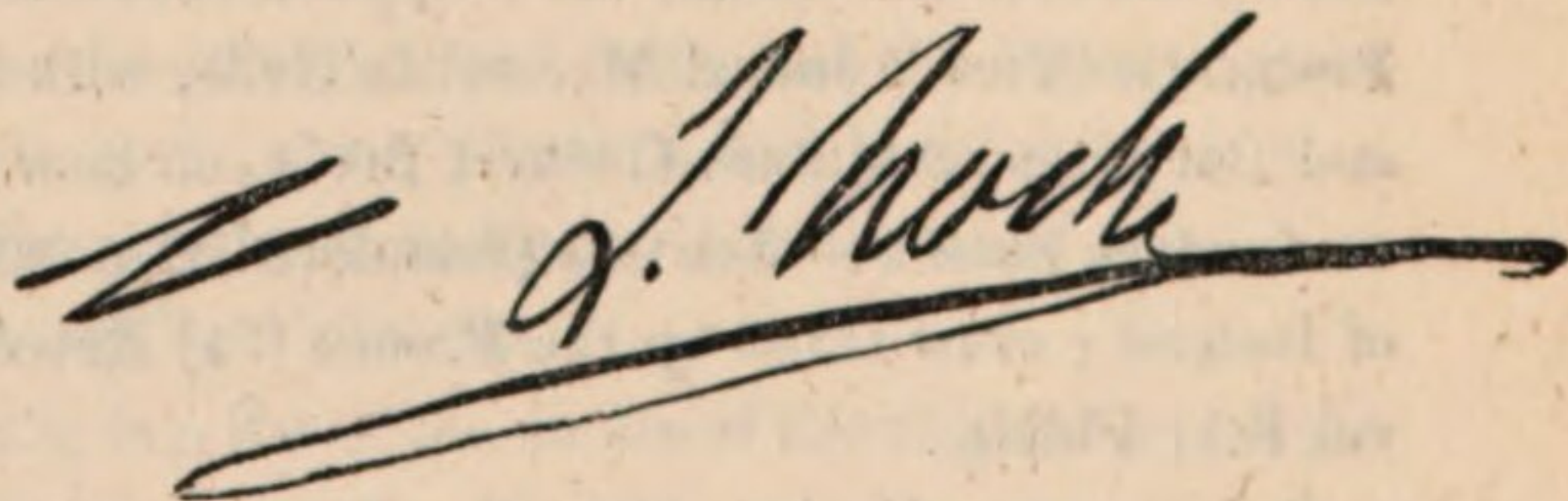
On board each of the line of battle ships between five and six hundred soldiers were embarked, and from two hundred and fifty to three hundred on board each of the frigates. The remaining thirteen sail carried about fifteen hundred soldiers more.

The Mutine was attached to the expedition at the especial request of Hoche, as appears from the following letter, the original of which is in the possession of Mr. Blachford.—

Armée RES NON VERBA. A Brest, le 28e Brumaire,
Française. (*Hoche's adopted motto.*) 5e année de la République.

Le Général L. Hoche, au Général Morand de Galle.

Au nombre des bâtimens que vous m'avez promis, Général, je désirerais que vous voulussiez bien comprendre la Mutine corvette venant de l'Orient, qui, dit-on, a des vivres pour six mois, tire très peu d'eau, et par conséquent est très propre à favoriser un débarquement.



[Repondu de suite.]

*“ A l'armée Française destinée à opérer la révolution
d'Irlande.*

“ REPUBLICAINS,

FIER de vous avoir fait vaincre en plusieurs occasions, j'ai obtenu du gouvernement la permission de vous conduire à de nouveaux succès. Vous commander, c'est être assuré du triomphe.

“ Jaloux de rendre à la liberté un peuple digne d'elle, et mûr pour une révolution, le directoire nous envoie en Irlande, à l'effet d'y faciliter la révolution que d'excellents républicains viennent d'y entreprendre. Il sera beau pour nous, qui avons vaincu les satellites des rois armés contre la République, de briser les fers d'une nation amie, de lui aider à recouvrir ses droits usurpés par l'odieux gouvernement anglais.

“ Vous n'oublierez jamais, braves et fidèles compagnons, que le peuple, chez lequel nous allons, est l'ami de notre patrie, que nous devons le traiter comme tel, et non comme un peuple conquis.

“ En arrivant en Irlande, vous trouverez l'hospitalité, la fraternité ; bientôt des milliers de ses habitans viendront grossir nos phalanges. Gardons-nous donc bien de jamais traiter aucuns d'eux en ennemis. Ainsi que nous, ils ont à se venger des perfides Anglais ; ces derniers sont les seuls dont nous ayons à tirer une vengeance éclatante. Croyez que les Irlandais ne soupirent pas moins que vous après le moment où, de concert, nous irons à Londres, rappeler à Pitt et à ses amis, ce qu'ils ont fait contre notre liberté.

“Par amitié, par devoir, et pour l'honneur du nom français, vous respecterez les personnes et les propriétés du pays où nous allons. Si, par des efforts constans, je pourvois à vos besoins, croyez que, jaloux de conserver la réputation de l'armée que j'ai l'honneur de commander, je punirai sévèrement quiconque s'écartera de ce qu'il doit à son pays. Les lauriers et la gloire seront le partage du soldat républicain ; la mort sera le prix du viol et du pillage. Vous me connoissez assez pour croire que, pour la première fois, je ne manquerai pas à ma parole. J'ai dû vous prévenir, sachez vous en rappeler.

Le Général,

L. HOCHÉ.

“*Brest, le* [this blank is in the original] *année républicaine.*”

The fleet assembled for the invasion of Ireland, we are told by M. Rousselin, Hoche's biographer—“présentent le spectacle le plus majestueux. Aussi fière que la flotte romaine qui, commandée par Scipion, portait la ruine de Carthage, l'escadre est rassemblée; les voiles déployées—il part.”

Although some previous movements appear to have taken place, the general departure of the expedition from Brest was on the 16th of December. A signal being made to go out by the Passage du Raz, the *Fraternité* frigate bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral de Galle, with General Hoche, and, as was reported in the fleet, three millions sterling in gold on board, got under weigh, and accompanied by eighteen sail, with

6500 troops, proceeded to sea by that passage. In this proceeding, as if ominous of the disasters the expedition was destined to encounter,* the Fougueux (74) ran foul of the Indomptable (80), and narrowly escaped striking against a rock, upon which the Séduisant (74) struck with 550 of the 94th demi-brigade on board, of whom only thirty-three were saved. The remaining twenty-four sail went out by the Passage des Flotes or Passage du Four.

Before the two divisions had joined, so violent a gale of wind came on, that the Nestor (74), which had followed the Admiral, having her main-top-mast carried away, was obliged to part company and was driven on shore, when one thousand men out of eighteen hundred on board, perished.† Several of the ships also were so much injured by the fury of the storm as to be rendered unfit for present service, and this tempestuous weather, intermingled only by dense fogs, lasted during the entire time the armament was out.

On the 18th, the storm, which had dispersed and more or less damaged the entire fleet, was succeeded by a dense fog, *so dense indeed*, that a complete reunion was never effected by the scattered expedition.

* “Mais, dès l'aurore de l'expédition, un génie mal-faisant avait tenté de la paralyser ; le même génie devait la poursuivre dans toutes ses chances, en ternir les différentes périodes, et lancer enfin sur ses derniers résultats tout le poids de sa fatale influence. Les élémens conspirent avec les conspirateurs : tout est d'accord contre les desseins de la liberté.”—*Vie de Hoche*.

† Another account says fifty of her crew only were saved.

The orders to the ships were, in case of separation, to cruise for five days off the Mizen head, then to proceed to the mouth of the Shannon, where they were to remain for three more, and if then without further orders they were respectively to return to Brest.

The following day the greater part of the two divisions fell in with each other, but the *Fraternité* was missing. Two line of battle ships, the *Nestor* and *Séduisant* had been wrecked; and the *Cocade* and *Romaine* frigates, with the *Mutine* and *Voltigeur* corvettes, and three transports, were also unaccounted for.

In the night of the 20th of December, although the weather was moderate, several of the fleet again parted company, and on the morning of the 21st, which was hazy, only fifteen sail were to be seen from the *Indomptable*. Although the main body had arrived off the coast of Ireland three days after sailing from Brest, they beat about, disunited and uncertain of their precise position,* until the 22nd, when with the exception of six or seven vessels, the entire fleet came to anchor off Bere Island in Bantry bay,† between five and six in the evening, under the command of Ad-

* "The pilots mistaking the Durseys for the Mizen head."
—*James*.

† "A noble bay, capable of containing all the shipping in Europe, being twenty-six miles long, and, in most places, above a league broad, with forty fathoms' water in the midst of it. The coast around it consists of stupendous rocks."—Note by *James*, i. 395.

miral Bouvet. Tone says, "we have 41,160 stand of arms, twenty pieces of field artillery, nine of siege, including mortars and howitzers, 61,200 barrels of powder, 7,000,000 ball cartridges, about 700,000 flints," &c.

Previous to the French fleet coming to anchor, his majesty's brig Kangaroo, commanded by the Hon. Courtenay Boyle, fell in with it, and immediately proceeded off Crookhaven, a small harbour close to the entrance of Bantry bay, in order to communicate the intelligence of the appearance of the enemy. On the morning of the 22nd of December, the Kangaroo made repeated signals for a boat from the shore, which although they were distinctly seen, yet so high a sea was running at the time, and the wind was blowing so tremendously, that no boat would venture to put off. At length, however, a Mr. Coghlan, observing the perseverance with which the signal was continued, and deeming it a case of extreme urgency, induced five men to accompany him upon this dangerous service in a pilot boat, although they left the shore with but little probability of reaching the Kangaroo, or if they succeeded in doing so, of returning in safety from her.

In a private letter, written by a spectator* to a friend in Cork, the sea is described as breaking over the little bark almost with every wave, so that "it

* The Rev. Fitzgerald Tisdale, who was murdered in this neighbourhood 26th March, 1809.

was only the hand of Providence which could have saved the boat from being swamped, and what was still more wonderful in the preservation of Coghlan, and the men who had adventured out with him, is that one of the planks of the boat was stove in while she was along-side of the Kangaroo." An officer, (the second lieutenant, Mr. Watson), was by this means landed with dispatches for Admiral Kingsmill at the Cove of Cork, and captain Boyle proceeded in the Kangaroo to England.

Mr. Richard Edward Hull, a gentleman residing at Leamcon, sent the intelligence to Mr. White of Seafeld Park, who was the first to communicate it to the Irish Government, and Mr. White's services at this critical moment, were rewarded by his elevation to the peerage, under the title of Bantry. Mr. White had also "received two affidavits made before the Rev. John Beamish of Berehaven, and Mr. O'Sullivan of Colaugh, by some fisherman who passed near a fleet which were turning up at the N.W. extremity of the bay, and from the manner they were rigged and form of their build they were positive the ships were French, and of considerable force. A similar information from the surveyor of Berehaven was sent to Mr. White, who directly called together the corps of yeomanry under his command, and made the necessary arrangements for establishing a chain of out-posts along the mountains down to Sheep-head, the S.W. extremity of Bantry bay, distant from his house twenty-two miles."

Dangers dimly seen usually become magnified in an extraordinary degree. The panic occasioned by the news that a hostile fleet was riding at anchor in one of the finest harbours of Ireland, may be readily conceived, and the general alarm was considerably increased by the difficulty of obtaining and conveying intelligence. "Dix jours consécutifs sont consumés, pendant lesquels presque tous les vaisseaux de la flotte sont apperçus et reconnus par les habitans de l'Irlande;" but the reverse of the feeling described by the French historian, was unquestionably manifested towards the invaders by all classes in the south of Ireland, as yet untainted by Republicanism. "Leur cœur a tressailli de joie et de bonheur à la vue de leurs libérateurs. Vain espoir! illusion cruelle! les généraux en chef sont absens: ceux qui les remplacent devraient agir; ils délibèrent; ils devraient opérer leur débarquement, ils assemblent des conseils; le moindre événement fait prendre des résolutions, le moindre événement les fait changer; tout fait un devoir de descendre à terre, tout est un prétexte de rester dans les vaisseaux; le temps précieux échappe; l'heure de la liberté est sonnée; elle s'envole."

The weather was the severest ever remembered, and as such, in the Editor's recollection, the winter when the French were in Bantry bay, was often referred to in common conversation. A heavy fall of snow had rendered the roads, which between Bantry and Cork at this period were rugged, wild and mountainous, nearly impassable on foot; travelling on

horseback was desperate work ; and the unabating fury of the wind, which rolled the excited billows of the Atlantic with tremendous swell upon the coast, opposed an insurmountable barrier to any attempt at communication by water. It is however stated in a "Journal of the movements of the French fleet in Bantry bay, by Edward Morgan, printed at Cork in 1797," that one of Mr. White's servants brought the first intelligence of the appearance of the enemy to General Dalrymple in Cork, on the night of Thursday, December 22nd, and that the messenger "was but four hours going forty-two miles, Irish, on a single horse."

On the evening of the 23rd, a heavy gale from the eastward forced about twenty of the French ships to sea, and dispersed the fleet for the fourth time. By this separation the stores on board the remaining ships in Bantry bay, were reduced to "4 field pieces, 20,000 firelocks, at most 1000 lbs. of powder, and 3,000,000 cartridges." Admiral Bouvet and General Grouchy, the second in command, held a council of war. Tone proposed proceeding to Sligo Bay and there landing, a proposition which, if acted upon, might possibly have revolutionized Ireland. "We are here," says he in his journal, "sixteen sail, great and small (nine or ten are of the line)* scattered up and

* A letter written from Berehaven on the morning of the 24th, which the Editor has seen in the Records of the Admiralty, says, "eight two-deckers and nine vessels of different classes." It concludes thus: "I must apologize for not writing before,

down in a noble bay, and so dispersed that there are not two together in any spot, save one, and there they are so close, that if it blows to-night as it did last night, they will inevitably run foul of each other, unless one of them prefers driving on shore."

During the night of the 23rd of December, H.M.S. *Jaseur*, captain Stirling, having captured *Le Suffren*,* transport, appears to have passed through the portion of the French fleet which had been blown out to sea from the mouth of Bantry bay; for in a letter, dated the following day "off Cape Clear," and published in the *London Gazette*, of 3rd January 1797, captain Stirling says, "I saw a large ship of war last night, and I am persuaded the body of the French fleet cannot be far from me. A rudder and other pieces of wreck have floated past us to day."

The portion of the fleet which rode out the gale of the 23rd at their anchorage, found it impossible to work up the bay against the wind, and they came to anchor directly across it. On Christmas night, the exposed situation of Admiral Bouvet's ship, rendered it necessary for him to order the cables to be cut, and he stood out to sea without being able to communicate with any of the ships at anchor.

Doctor Moylan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork,

but I assure you the demand for paper has been so great, that I could only obtain half a sheet to write an account to the Admiral."

* Retaken by the *Tartare*, which was afterwards captured by the *Polyphemus*.

addressed the people on that anxious day to the following effect, which address was immediately printed and circulated by the Committee of Merchants.

“At a Meeting of the CITY OF CORK COMMITTEE, Held at the Council Chamber, on the 5th of January, 1797.

SIR PATRICK O'CONOR, *Chairman.*

“Unanimously resolved, That Two Thousand Copies of the Right Rev. Doctor Moylan's Letter to his Flock be immediately Printed, for the purpose of being circulated through the respective Baronies of this County.”

“DOCTOR FRANCIS MOYLAN,

TO HIS BELOVED FLOCK,

The Roman Catholics of the Diocess of Cork.

“At a moment of such general Alarm and Consternation, it is a duty I owe to you, my Beloved Flock, to recall to your minds the sacred Principles of Loyalty, Allegiance, and Good Order, that must direct your conduct on such an awful Occasion. Charged as I am, by that Blessed Saviour (whose Birth with grateful hearts we on this Day solemnize), with the Care of your Souls, interested beyond expression in your Temporal and Eternal welfare, it is incumbent on me to exhort you to that peaceable demeanor, which must ever mark his true and faithful Disciples.

“Loyalty to the Sovereign, and respect for the Constituted Authorities, have been always the prominent features in the Christian Character; and by

Patriotism and Obedience to the Established form of Government, have our Ancestors been distinguished at times, and under circumstances very different from these in which we have the happiness to live. For, blessed be God, we are no longer *Strangers* in our Native Land—no longer excluded from the Benefits of the happy Constitution under which we live—no longer separated by odious distinctions from our Fellow-subjects. To our Gracious Sovereign we are bound by the concurring principles of *gratitude* and *duty*, and to all our Fellow-Citizens by mutual Interest and Christian Charity.

“Under these circumstances it is obvious what line of conduct you are to adopt, if the Invaders, who are said to be on our Coasts, should make good their landing, and attempt to penetrate into our Country. To allure you to a co-operation with their views, they will not fail to make specious professions, that their only object is to *Emancipate* you from the pretended Tyranny, under which you groan; and to restore you those Rights, of which they will say you are deprived.

“You, my good People, whom I particularly address, who are strangers to passing Occurrences, had you known in what manner they fulfilled similar promises in the unfortunate Countries into which, on the faith of them, they gained admittance, you would learn Caution from their Credulity, and distrust Men who have trampled on all Laws, Human and Divine; Germany, Flanders, Italy, Holland, to say nothing of their own, once the happiest, now the most miserable

Country in the World, can attest the irreparable ruin, desolation and destruction occasioned by French fraternity.

“Be not deceived by the *lure* of *Equalizing* property, which they will hold out to you, as they did to the above-mentioned people; for the *Poor*, instead of getting any part of the spoil of the *Rich*, were robbed of their own little pittance.

“Be not then imposed on by their professions—they come only to Rob, Plunder and Destroy. Listen not to their agitating Abettors in this Country, who endeavour by every means to corrupt your Principles, but join Heart and Hand with all the virtuous and honest Members of the Community, who are come forward with distinguished Patriotism, as well to resist the invading Foe, as to counteract the insidious Machinations of the Domestic Enemies and unnatural Children, who are seeking to bring on their Native Country the train of untold Evils that flow from Anarchy and Confusion.—Obey the Laws that protect you in your Persons and Properties.—Reverence the Magistrate entrusted with their execution, and display your readiness to give him every assistance in your Power.

“Act thus, my Beloved Brethren, from a principle of Conscience, and you will thereby ensure the favor of your God, and the approbation of all good Men; whereas a contrary conduct will draw down inevitable Ruin on you *here*, and eternal Misery *hereafter*.

“I shall conclude with this simple Reflection, if the

sway of our impious Invaders were here established, you would not, my Beloved People, enjoy the comfort of Celebrating this AUSPICIOUS DAY with Gladness and Thanksgiving, nor of uniting with ALL Christians on Earth, and with the celestial spirits in Heaven, in singing, *Glory to God on High, and on Earth Peace to Men of good Will!* F. MOYLAN, R. C. B. C.

Dec. 25, 1796."

The "useful impression" made by this "judicious address" upon the minds of the lower Catholics, was particularly mentioned in a dispatch from the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, published in the *London Gazette*, of 17th January 1797.

Tone in the *Indomptable*, on the 26th December, thus sums up affairs:—"We have lost two commanders-in-chief—of four Admirals not one remains. We have lost one ship of the line, that we know of, and probably many others of which we know nothing. We have been now six days in Bantry bay, within five hundred yards of the shore, without being able to effectuate a landing. We have been dispersed four times in four days; and at this moment, of forty-three sail, of which the expedition consisted, we can muster of all sizes but fourteen."

The day following he writes: "Yesterday several vessels, including the *Indomptable*, dragged their anchors several times, and it was with great difficulty they rode out the gale. At two o'clock the *Revolution* (74), made signal that she could hold no longer, and

in consequence of the commodore's permission, cut her only cable and put to sea. In the night, the *Patriote* and *Pluton*, of 74 each, were forced to put to sea, with the *Nicomede*, flute, so that this morning we are reduced to seven sail of the line and one frigate."

A council of war met, at which General Hardy presided, generals Cherin and Humbert, (subsequently distinguished by his Invasion of Ireland), Adjutant generals, Simon, Chasseloup, and Tone, lieutenant-colonel Waudré, commanding the Artillery, captain Favory of the Engineers, with commodore Bedout, were the members. The force and stores at their disposal, were found to be 4168 men, two four pounders, 1,500,000 cartridges, 500 rounds for artillery, and 500 lbs. of powder. With a force so small, it was deemed by the majority inadvisable to attempt landing, as no demonstration had been made on shore in their favour; and it was determined to proceed off the Shannon, to cruize for a few days, according to captain Bedout's instructions, in the hope that the dis-severed armament might be concentrated there. At half-past four, on the 27th, Tone writes: "The Indomptable having with great difficulty weighed one anchor, we were forced at length to cut the cable of the other, and make the best of our way out of the bay, being followed by the whole of our little squadron, now reduced to ten sail, of which seven are of the line, one frigate and two corvettes or luggers."

The only occurrence of note during these five anxious days, was the capture of a boat, sent to recon-

noitre from one of the French ships, which was taken by Mr. O'Sullivan of Beerhaven, who made the crew, consisting of an officer and seven men, prisoners. Lieut. Proseau, the officer, was immediately sent off to Dublin. A memoir of Mr. O'Sullivan, and his services, may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for March 1814 (Vol. 84, part i), copied from the *Dublin Evening Post*.

On the 28th it blew a perfect hurricane, and for the sixth time the Indomptable parted company. At the rendezvous off the mouth of the Shannon, however, she was rejoined by the Coquille, and on the 29th, commodore Bedout, finding no part of the fleet there, steered for France, where he arrived on the 1st of January, with the Watigny, Cassard, and Eole, line of battle ships, and the Coquille, Atalante and Vautour.

In the afternoon, of the 31st of December, two armed boats, crowded with men, put off from the remaining French ships of war in Bantry bay, with the intention, as was supposed, of landing. "The infantry which were stationed in Bantry immediately flew to their arms, and under the command of Colonel French, of the Galway militia, marched to the shore to dispute their landing—the cavalry galloped off to Beach, the house of Mr. Simon White—the *entire did not exceed four hundred men*. The Generals withdrew themselves from Bantry to Dunmanway."

Upon this occasion a serjeant of the Galway militia, who had been an old sailor, observed to Colonel French, that the enemy's fire upon the beach, where he had

drawn up his men, would probably treble the effect of their shot. The Colonel replied, "I know that, and how Nelson's eye was put out; but we must shew our whole force, which they will never believe we would dare to do, without being well backed." The boats, however, did not attempt to land, and after boarding an American vessel returned to their ship.

A division of the dispersed fleet, consisting of four line of battle ships, three frigates, two corvettes, and two transports, with about four thousand soldiers on board, returned to Bantry Bay on the 1st of January, and remained there two or three days. They had captured a brig belonging to Liverpool, called the Three Sisters, and another English vessel named the Mary, bound from Lisbon to Bristol, which they burned with their cargoes. By this division a council of war was also held, and the military officers desired to be put on shore with their men, in which they were supported by the voices of all the Irishmen present. But the naval officers refused to disobey their orders.* About the

* The above statement is given from the leaf of a manuscript Journal, written very closely in English, and apparently kept by a person on board one of the ships of this division. It was washed ashore, picked up and preserved by an illiterate old woman as a charm, in consequence of a rough sketch of the bay, with soundings, and *compass elaborately drawn*, which she mistook for a representation of the Cross. This document was shewn to the Editor at Kenmare, in 1825, where he made a note of these particulars.

The following is a copy of the information given to the Com-

same time three or four French ships of war appeared off the Shannon, as before mentioned, but finding no instructions there, returned without landing, except in one instance, when a boat pulled in for Scatterry Island, and took away a few sheep.

The *Fraternité*, with General Hoche on board, after “an extremely narrow escape,” as is supposed, from capture by the English fleet, reached Rochelle on the 15th of January, having fallen in with the Revolution. The disasters encountered by the frigate, during her

mittee of Merchants in Cork, by James Sullivan, Esq. of Berehaven, on the 4th January, 1797.

“On Monday, the 2nd January, there were 13 French ships at anchor across the mouth of the bay [Bantry] from Bere Island to Sheeps Head ; of which two were line of battle ships. There were six other ships high up in the bay, back of the Island of Whiddy, and one a league from Bantry to S.W. of Whiddy. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, a brig was detached from the 13 ships to work up the bay ; which she did, and then made a signal to the seven, one of which fired a gun. They then set fire to a prize they had, and five of the seven got under weigh and sailed down the bay, leaving two line of battle ships behind them, which are considered to be disabled ships. They liberated some English prisoners, who heard that the French fleet had 25000 troops on board, whilst others reported but 16000, but all agreed that they were in want of provisions. On Tuesday the 3rd January, Mr. O'Sullivan went up the high hill, back of the town of Bantry, at nine o'clock in the morning, and could only see the two disabled ships—but the weather was hazy and he could not see farther than eight or nine miles. The ships had no horses on board, but what belonged to the generals, and relied on obtaining them in the country.”

course, and the magnanimity displayed by Hoche, are thus related by his French biographer:—"Pendant toute la traversée, la frégate était toujours sans voiles, à peine avait on pu manger à table deux fois: la peau d'ours blanc de Hoche, étendue sur le pont, servait souvent de nappe: cette peau lui était bien utile à bord; car il était impossible de se tenir debout, à cause des grands roulis du bâtiment. Tous les passagers étaient incommodés du mal de mer; lui seul supportait les fatigues, avec l'assurance et la fermeté d'habitude d'un marin consommé, mettant lui-même la main à la manœuvre, encourageant par son exemple toute la troupe de terre à suppléer le plus mauvais équipage qui ait jamais existé. Ses yeux excellens distinguaient les objets à des distances où les longues vues n'appercevaient que confusément. Plus d'une fois sa présence d'esprit avait sauvé la frégate: elle se trouve bientôt engagée dans un danger dont toute la vigilance de Hoche n'avait pu la préserver. Ayant pris forcément le parti de retourner à Brest, la Fraternité fut vivement poursuivie par deux vaisseaux ennemis très-forts; elle était parvenue à les tromper à la faveur des ténèbres de la nuit. Le lendemain, à la pointe du jour, on fut fort étonné de se voir au milieu de la flotte Anglaise; aucune espérance d'échapper à ce blocus; aussitôt dispositions prises pour couler à fond les drapeaux républicains, les manifestes, les journaux, les papiers de toute espèce. Chacun calculait, dans ses arrangements, ce qu'il pourroit sauver avec son individu; on s'attendait d'un moment à l'autre à se voir conduire

dans les prisons d'Angleterre. Des officiers Anglais que l'on avait fait prisonniers dans la route, et qui se trouvaient à bord, ne dissimulaient pas l'espérance qu'ils avaient d'être incessamment délivrés; leur contenance joyeuse achevait de porter le dernier coup au cœur des républicains. Dans cette déplorable situation, Hoche ne perd rien de sa grandeur, il conserve toute sa dignité; et, sans se dissimuler le véritable embarras de la circonstance, il demeure supérieur aux caprices du sort.

“ On dirait qu'étonnée du courage qu'elle n'avait pu intimider, la fortune voulut lui rendre hommage, en cessant de le poursuivre. La mer devint tellement grosse, le vent si fort, qu'au milieu même des vaisseaux Anglais, occupés de leur propre conservation, la frégate la Fraternité fut prise par eux pour l'une des leurs; elle tint la même route jusqu'à la fin du jour; changeant alors sa direction à la faveur des ténèbres, elle arriva heureusement au mouillage de l'île de Rhé (cette manœuvre habile est due toute entière au contre-amiral Bruix), un mois juste après le départ de Brest.”

Before the end of the month of January, Hoche was appointed to the command of the Republican army of the Rhine, and after some severe fighting, in which he was victorious, appeared before Frankfort. He died in his thirtieth year, on the 15th September 1797,

“ The following short abstract,” says James (vol. ii. p. 9) “will show as well the loss sustained by the Brest fleet during its

(not without suspicion of having been taken off by poison), and lies buried at Coblantz beside the remains of Marceau.* To the last, Hoche appears never to

voyage to Ireland and back, as the date of the arrival in France of the line of battle part of it."

CLASSES.	Captured	Destroyed	Wrecked	Foundered	1797.				Total that arrived safe	Total that had sailed from Brest
					Port arrived at in January					
					Brest.		Rocheport			
					1st	11th	13th	13th		
Line, (all 74s, } but one an 83 }	...	1	1	...	5	5	4	1	15	17
Frigates . . .	1	1	1	1					10	14
Brigs . . .	2	...	...	...					4	6
Flutes . . .	4	...	...	...					2	6
Total..	7	2	2	1					31	43

* The following verses on the death of Hoche, who but a few months before had attempted the conquest of Ireland, appeared in the Press newspaper, published in Dublin, and are here copied, not on account of their merit, but as illustrative of the revolutionary character of that print:

“ WEEP! Gallia weep! in sorrow droop thy head,
Thy Hoche, thy hero, and thy friend is dead;
That man so truly great in freedom's cause,
That brave defender of his country's laws;
Who, from her fields the Pitt-leagued tyrants chased,
And all the hordes of slaves that laid them waste;
Made the crown'd robbers of his native soil,
Shake on their blood-stain'd thrones and quit their spoil.
Now pale and breathless, lo! the hero lies,
As envious fate had call'd him to the skies,
But still unconquered, tho' resigned his breath,
He springs immortal from the arms of death;
O! friend of man, upon thy honoured bier,
The good and brave shall drop a grateful tear;
Bright fame, thy virtues from oblivion save,
And snatch thy honours from the silent grave,
From age to age thy glorious deeds impart,
And make thy monument each Patriot's heart.”

have abandoned the desire to subdue England by means of Ireland; "mais il ne considère l'Irlande que comme le chemin de Londres," says his biographer. In a letter to General Hédouville, Hoche writes, "Ma fortune me mènerait-elle, avec cette armée, aux portes de Vienne, ce que j'espère, je la quitterais encore pour aller à Dublin, et de là à Londres"; and in the last letter addressed by him to the Minister of Marine he alludes to the subject.

Charles Hamilton Teeling, a state prisoner in Dublin, at the time of the appearance of the French fleet in Bantry bay, thus relates in a romantic personal narrative of the Rebellion of 1798,* the feelings of himself and fellow prisoners. "It was at the still hour of night, in the depth of the wintry storm, when the old year had nearly run its course, and the approach of the new was anticipated with alternate hopes and fears, when every moment increased suspense and every footstep caught the listening ear, that the long vaulted passages announced the approach of feet, which proclaimed the arrival of the most unlooked-for but most welcome of friends.

"The moment was to us one of the deepest interest. The country was agitated; the government was alarmed; all the disposable military force was in motion, for a hostile squadron hovered on the peaceful shores

* Published in London 1828. Inscribed to his wife and children, as "the only inheritance which the enemies of his country have left him to bequeath."

of the south, and the capacious bay of Bantry was crowded with foreign masts. Never had Ireland experienced an hour of greater excitement—never was her population more agitated with alternate hopes and fears. The prisons were crowded with the most popular characters of the day; and as the troops were passing that in which we were confined, some detachments halted and cheered us on their march to the south. The anxiety of the people increased, as alarm for our safety or hopes of our liberation prevailed. The sanguinary measures of the administration had alienated the great majority of the nation, and the minority possessed neither the influence nor the power to contend with the approaching storm. Everything without the cabinet bespoke the alarm that prevailed within, for government had neither the wisdom to conciliate the people, nor the talent to direct the disposable force, with which they were ill-prepared to encounter a bold and adventurous foe. Hurry, confusion, and disorder, marked the advance of the army; all was terror, doubt and dismay; troops disaffected, horses wanting, the munitions of war badly supplied, and even the bullet was unfitted to the calibre of the cannon,* which a defective commissariat had supplied. The general's culinary apparatus only was complete; and while the troops had to contend with the severity of the winter's storm, the mountain's torrent, roads

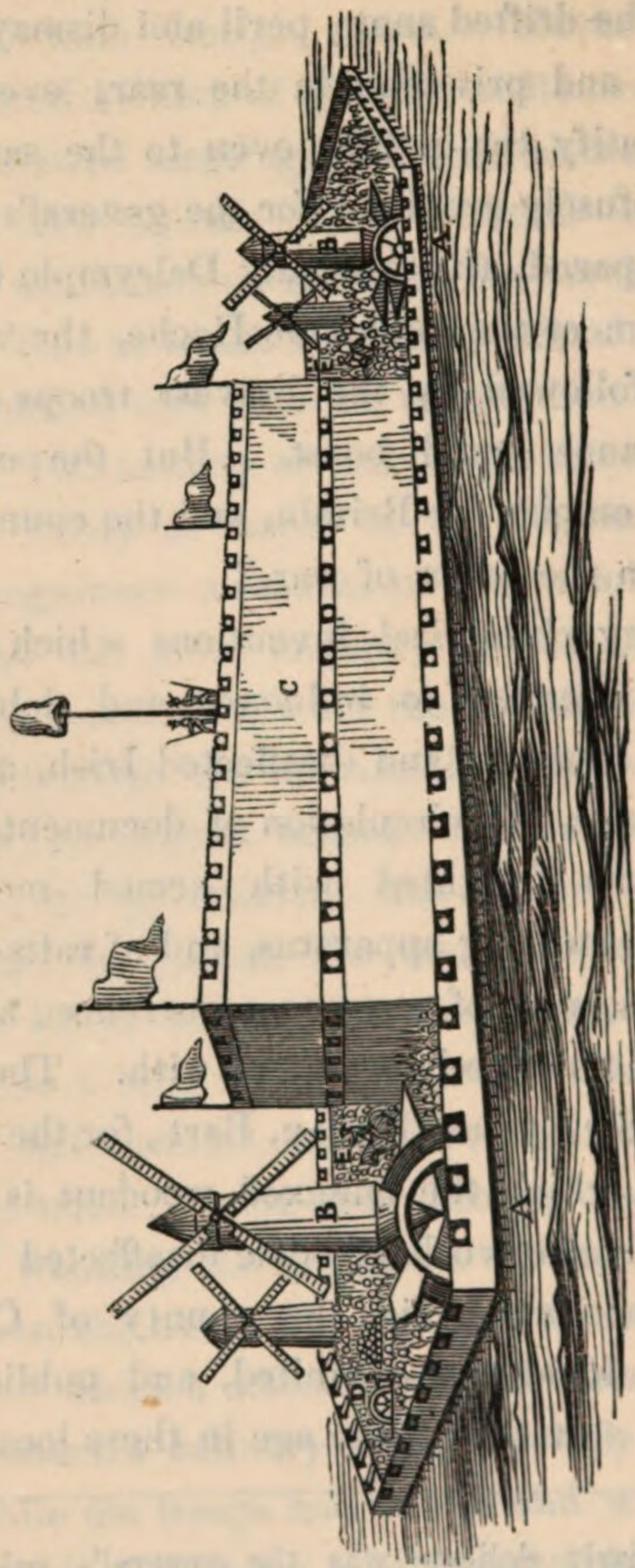
* "Nine-pound shot was provided for six pound cannon."—
TEELING.

broken up by the floods or rendered impassable from the depth of the drifted snow, peril and dismay in the front, hunger and privation in the rear; everything that could gratify the palate, even to the satiety of taste, was profusely provided for the general's table.* And thus prepared, the unwieldy Dalrymple faced to the south, to meet the invincible Hoche, the victor of La Vendée, followed by the bravest troops the republic of France could boast. But the elements protected the empire for Britain, and the country was preserved from the havoc of war."

Of the many chimerical inventions which at this period were intended to influence and delude the minds of the ignorant and disaffected Irish, as to the power of France, the circulation of documents representing balloons freighted with armed men, and equipped with steering apparatus, and of rafts on flat-bottomed boats, were of common occurrence; although such prints are now rarely to be met with. The Editor is indebted to Sir Lucius O'Brien, Bart., for the original drawing from which the annexed woodcut is copied. It was probably the work of some disaffected "philomath" or schoolmaster in the county of Clare or Limerick, confidentially exhibited, and publicly discussed, by the agitators of the age in these localities.

* "So peculiarly delicate was the general's palate, that gentlemen who served under him in the yeomanry ranks, were sometimes obliged to ride express ten or fifteen miles to procure cayenne pepper for his soup and capers for his favorite sauce."

THE REAL VIEW OF THE FRENCH RAFT AS INTENDED FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND,
DRAWN FROM THE ORIGINAL AT BREST.



This surprising machine extends 2100 feet in length and 1500 in breadth, is to be navigated by four wheels (A), turned in the water by the action of the wind and moving of the windmill (B) to any point it may blow. In the middle is a fort (C), this incloses mortars and pieces for the defence of the troops in their landing. (D) the wheel for steering; (E) the General commanding the troops. This raft is armed with 500 pieces of cannon, from 36 to 48 pounders, and is to convey 60,000 men, &c.

And what is the true history of the failure of this expedition? The Editor has been told from the most unquestionable authority—that it was public confidence in the English funds—the trust of England in her Chancellor of the Exchequer.—This is not the time or place to enter into more minute statements—but there can be no doubt whatever, that the captain of the *Fraternité* had accepted a bribe of a considerable amount, to give the military and naval commanders in chief a cruise for a few weeks on the bank of Newfoundland, before landing them in Ireland; and that he performed this little delicate act of secret service so well, that he boldly drew upon the English Government for double the amount agreed upon, which however was ultimately arranged to the perfect satisfaction of all parties concerned.

As an illustration of the proverb “Before fire there is smoke,” two songs are appended to this introduction.

It is a subject of no incurious speculation how and by what means historical movements of national revolution have been paralyzed. The spirit of philosophy replies, “speculation and money.”

The two following songs were written in 1779, in anticipation of the landing and defeat of the French. They both appear in Swiney's *Juvenile Muse*, introduced into a dramatic entertainment called *The Alarm*, founded on the supposed appearance of the enemy's fleet off Bantry bay. In this little drama, the odd

combination of fact with fiction; of local with classical names, although seriously intended by the author, is highly ludicrous. Thus, in the first scene, Marcus and Antonius meet upon the Mall or grand parade in Cork, and Ventidius and other Roman [Catholic] officers figure in Georges Street, when Ventidius says, "Lapp's Island is the general parade." Elsewhere the following direction occurs:—

"Aurelius, dispatch some flying troops,
Forward towards Bantry to observe the French."

A genuine letter in every respect, except the address and writer's signature, upon which the troops that had marched from Cork to oppose the invaders were countermanded, is preserved by Mr. Swiney in his drama.

"To Antillus, general of the Volunteer Army, &c.

To remove, as soon as possible, the public apprehensions, occasioned by the ill-founded rumour of a French invasion, I find it necessary to acquaint you with the event which gave rise to the report. A fleet was seen hovering about this bay, which at first view, appeared to sail under French colours; but upon closer observation, the mistake was cleared up, as it proved to be a British squadron. Numbers at first hurried away by fear, and the natural desire of self-preservation fled for safety to the city, and there propagated the fiction with additional horrors. As you may depend upon this account to be a real fact, it is needless to point out to you the propriety of making it as public as possible, in order to remove the general terror.

I have the honor to be,

Bantry, June 4, 1779.

Your most obedient humble servant,

POPLICOLA."

The occurrence upon which *The Alarm* was founded, is thus chronicled by Fitzgerald in his *Cork Remembrancer*. “1779, June 4. The True Blue, Boyne, Aughrim, Union and Culloden, armed societies of the city of Cork, had a general field-day at Balliphehane, from whence they returned to the Mall about two o'clock, where they fired three vollies each, in honour of his Majesty's birth-day; they were scarcely done dinner, when the town was alarmed with the news of a large French fleet having appeared off Bantry bay. Drums instantly began to beat to arms, through every quarter of the city; the volunteers again assembled and paraded on the Mall. The true Blues took charge of the main guard, the Highlanders quitted it and joined the remaining part of the regiment in the old barracks. Palms Westropp, Esq., Mayor of Cork, summoned a council to consider what was necessary to be done on such an alarming occasion; the countenances of the people were sensibly changed, terror in some, courage in others, and joy in the hearts and minds of some of the lower class or rabble of the city. Fear and apprehension, danger and distress, sat visible almost on every brow; the affliction and uneasiness of the people could be more easily conceived than described; several Roman Catholics took up arms, offered to assist the volunteers, and distinguish themselves like loyal subjects in defence of their country. The volunteers paraded the whole night, preserved peace, order, and regularity, and held themselves in constant readiness to repel the expected foe. About

ten at night, the Highland regiment marched from the old barracks towards Bandon; they were met express on the road, countermanded, and returned next morning; upon the whole, it appeared to be an English fleet hovering off Cape Clear, who, on firing several great guns in honour of his Majesty's birth-day, gave rise to the alarm and expected invasion. In short, the alertness, spirited conduct and behaviour of our volunteers on this alarming occasion, claim the most exalted praise, and will transmit their fame to posterity with honour and lustre which time itself cannot deface."

Another report of invasion, which caused a movement of the troops, occurred in Cork, on the 4th September following, and arose from the appearance of the homeward-bound Jamaica fleet off Kinsale.

The song of "The French now are landed" was thus introduced into the second act of *the Alarm*, which was represented by an amateur theatrical company in Cork.

"Scene II. The North Main Street.

Enter a Ballad Singer, surrounded by a mob.

Ballad-singer. Here is an excellent new song, made on the present alarm occasioned by the landing of the French in Bantry."

Tune.—"How happy a life does a Miller possess."

THE French are now landed to plunder our coast,
But soon we'll discomfit their cowardly host;
And prove to the grief of those spider-like dogs,
Hibernians will never knock under to frogs.

We'll lead them a dance they ne'er practised before;
Compel these French skippers to skip from our shore,
And long rue the ill-fated hour when they came
Our land and submissive allegiance to claim.

No doubt they surmise we are ignorant fools,
To be of such spindle-shaped shadows the tools;
However, we'll show them they're sadly misled,
And make them remember invasion with dread.

Were all the soup gentry to enter our land,
With Louis the haughty, as first in command,
Our bold volunteers would oblige them to yield,
Lie drowned in their gore, or relinquish the field.

NOW, MY LADS.

Tune.—“Jolly Mortals, fill your glasses.”

Now, my lads, let glory fire us,
To pursue the sons of France:
George—Hibernia—both require us;
Freedom courts us to advance.

Blest with freedom's glorious charter,
We shall ne'er desert her cause;
Ne'er our king or country barter,
For proud Louis' slavish laws.

Shortly he'll behold with wonder,
Little all his art avails;
Soon we'll drive the invading dunder
Back, to feast on frogs and snails.

Hark! the God of War invites us,
Ireland's genius to protect;
Courage, sure, must now incite us,
Her deliverance to effect.

SONGS RELATING TO THE BANTRY BAY INVASION.

I.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.

THE chorus of this song, by which it and many other songs, generally of a rebellious character, are known, means literally "The Old Crippled Woman," under which figure Ireland is allegorically depicted. The authorship or singing of "The Shan Van Vocht," the Editor believes caused a military court of enquiry to be held, at Cork, into the conduct of Mr. Michael Joseph Barry, an active member of one of the volunteer corps of that city; and as the song appears for the first time, to the Editor's knowledge, in print in "The Songs of Ireland," (*Duffy's Library for Ireland*) edited by a gentleman with the same christian and surname as those of the presumed author, the editor follows respectfully Mr. Barry's copy, with quoting merely his observation, that "the versions of this song are numberless; but that here given is considered the best." It may be so; but the last verse is certainly "out of

keeping," as an artist would term it, with the preceding verses.

Oh! the French are on the sea,

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

The French are on the sea,

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

Oh! the French are in the bay,

They'll be here without delay,

And the Orange will decay,

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

CHORUS.

Oh! the French are in the Bay,

They'll be here by break of day,

And the Orange will decay,

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

And where will they have their camp?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

Where will they have their camp?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

On the Currach of Kildare,

The boys they will be there

With their pikes in good repair,

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

To the Currach of Kildare

The boys they will repair,

And Lord Edward will be there,

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

Then what will the yeomen do?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

What *will* the yeomen do?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

What *should* the yeomen do,

But throw off the red and blue,

And swear that they'll be true

To the *Shan Van vocht*.

What *should* the yeomen do

But throw off the red and blue,

And swear that they'll be true

To the *Shan Van vocht*.

And what colour will they wear?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

What colour will they wear?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

What colour should be seen

Where our Fathers' homes have been,

But their own immortal Green?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

What colour should be seen

Where our Fathers' homes have been,

But their own immortal Green?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

And will Ireland then be free?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

Will Ireland then be free?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

Yes! Ireland SHALL be free,

From the centre to the sea ;

Then hurra for Liberty!

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

Yes! Ireland SHALL be free,

From the centre to the sea ;

Then hurra for Liberty!

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

II.

THE INVASION OF IRELAND, CHRISTMAS 1796.

THIS ballad, which was probably first printed in a newspaper of the time, appears in "A Collection of Constitutional Songs," vol. i. p. 80, published by A. Edwards, Cork, 1799, and is entitled "the Invasion, (written in January 1797)." It is here given from collation with a revised copy in a small volume of "Verses," "privately printed at the Wesleyan Mission press, Columbo," without date, (but obviously 1821). The corrections are little more than verbal, except the omission of the 10th verse, "But not to Albion's navy bold," and the addition of the 14th verse, commencing,

“And fierce and furious is the gale.” Some of the author’s corrections only are followed, as the Editor does not consider them all to have been made for the better. Various readings are pointed out in the notes. The author was Sir Hardinge Giffard, who died chief justice of Ceylon, on his return to England in 1827.

Now fair and strong the south-east blew,
And high the billows rose ;
The French fleet bounded o’er the main,*
Freighted with Erin’s foes.

Oh ! where was Hood, and where was Howe,
And where Cornwallis then ;
Where Colpoys, Bridport, or† Pellew,‡
And all their gallant men ?

* waves.—Author’s MS.

† and.—Corrected edition, 1821.

‡ The question asked in this line subsequently formed the groundwork of a motion, by Mr. Whitbread in the House of Commons, and of the Earl of Albemarle in the House of Peers, for a committee to inquire into the conduct of ministers respecting the French invasion of Bantry bay. It was stated that although the enemy’s fleet had been at sea from the middle of December to the 6th of January, the English squadron under Lord Bridport remained in harbour, while that commanded by Admiral Colpoys actually came into Portsmouth the very day on which the news of the arrival of the French fleet in Bantry bay reached London (31st December). The reply of Mr. Dundas was a satisfactory vindication of ministers. He stated that Sir Edward Pellew’s squadron was employed in cruising off

Nor skill nor courage aught avail,

Against high Heaven's decrees;*

The storm arose and closed our ports,

A mist o'erspread the seas.

For not to feeble, mortal man,

Did God his vengeance trust;

He raised his own tremendous arm,

All-powerful as† all just.

Brest to watch the motions of the enemy, but the hazy state of the weather was such, that fog guns were obliged to be continually fired, and the French fleet succeeded in getting out, notwithstanding all the efforts of that active and gallant officer to prevent it; that Admiral Colpoys's squadron, which was also hovering off Brest, came into harbour for supplies, having been kept out longer than was anticipated, by Sir Roger Curtis, who was engaged in the pursuit of Admiral Richery, delaying to relieve it; that Lord Bridport's squadron, which was ordered on the 21st of December off Cape Clear, sailed on the 25th; but the denseness of the fog prevented his falling in with a single French vessel; and that other ships had also been dispatched in search of the enemy. Mr. Dundas triumphantly observed, that if with every previous knowledge, the most accurate arrangement had been made to intercept the hostile expedition, and that ministers had failed in doing so, no blame could fairly be attached to them, when the state of the weather was such as to render it impossible for the admiral and general intrusted with the command, (and who had sailed at the same time from the same port) to rejoin the main body, or even to communicate with it.

* When Providence gainsays.—Cork edition, 1799.

† and.—Cork edition, 1799.

Now fierce and loud the tempest roared,*
And swept the quivering main;
And part go south, and part go west,
And part the shore attain.

And trembling† on the boisterous wave,
The shattered vessels lie;
The billows mounting o'er their heads,
To kiss the bending sky.

“ Arise, ye sons of Erin, rise,
The Gaul is on the shore;
He comes, begrim'd with murder foul
And red with royal gore.”

The sons of Themis‡ proudly drew
The sword of justice bright;
And thirty thousand yeomen's swords§
Reflected back its light.

* blew.—Cork edition, 1799.

† tumbling. — Cork edition, 1799, and Author's MS.

‡ “ Goddess of law.”—MS. note. An evident compliment to the Dublin lawyers' corps, to which of course the author belonged.

§ blades.—Cork edition, 1799. The author's MS. has swords. Thirty thousand is a poetic amplification; for the *London Gazette* of 17th January, 1797, states that “ the number of yeomanry fully appointed and disciplined in Dublin exceed two thousand, above four hundred of whom are horse. The whole number of corps approved by government amount to four hundred and forty, exclusive of the Dublin corps. The gross number is nearly twenty-five thousand.”

Now firm and bold her patriot sons*
To Erin's coasts repair;
With ardent zeal they hold their march,†
Their banners fill the air.

But not to Albion's navy bold,
Nor Erin's patriot band,
Did God his ministry depute
To save his favored land.

In Bantry's deep‡ and rocky bay,
The hostile navy rode;
And now arrived the festal hour
When earth beheld her God.§

The impious crews,|| with anxious eyes
Gazed on each verdant plain;¶
And mocked and scoffed the holy time
With many a jest profane.

* hardy troops.—Cork edition, 1799.

† march along.—Cork edition, 1799.

‡ bold.—Author's MS.

§ "Christmas Day, 1796."—MS. note.

|| Crew.—Author's MS.

¶ However anxious those embarked may have been to get on shore, they were certainly not allured by the sight of verdant plains. "Last night it blew a heavy gale from the eastward with snow, so that the mountains are covered this morning, which will render our bivouacs extremely amusing."—December 23, 1796. Tone's Journal on board the Indomptable in Bantry Bay.

But sure such loud and angry winds
Ne'er shook the seas before ;
Nor ever did the glaring clouds*
With† such deep thunder roar.

And fierce and furious is the gale
That tears the troubled sky ;
While, trembling in the dreadful blast,
The boasting cowards fly.

For thirteen nights and thirteen days
Their scattered navy‡ strove ;
And some were wrecked, and some despair,
Before the tempest drove.

Now, ever praised be our God
Who saved us from their hand,
And never more may foe presume
To dare this christian land.

* skies.—Cork edition, 1799.

† In.—Author's MS.

‡ The famish'd wretches.—Cork edition, 1799.

III.

ON A MOUNTAIN WHOSE SUMMIT.

FROM a manuscript copy procured for the Editor by Miss Elliot. The writer is said to have been the Rev. Horatio Townsend, author of the *Statistical Survey of Cork*. 2 vols. 8vo. 2nd ed. 1815, and other works.

ON a mountain whose summit approach'd to the skies,
Hibernia in anguish reclined;
Unstrung was her harp, all bedewed were her eyes,
And her tresses flowed loose in the wind.
'Twas the goddess of discord that reigns over France,
In her bosom had raised those alarms;
Who amidst Gallic warriors shook her dread lance,
And in Ireland directed their arms.

“Shall the sister of Britain,” she cried, “that blest Isle,
No cup but of happiness taste;
On her shall sweet peace everlastingly smile,
While here rage and war commit waste;
No, bear desolation and death to her shore,
Where treasures of nature abound;
Proud England her conquests shall gladly restore,
And France be with victory crowned.”

She said, and her sons to their ships in delight,
With haste inconsiderate flew,

From the navy of Britain she wrapt them in night,
And soon showed Ierne in view;
Inflamed by the prospect, and eager for spoil,
With ardour and canvas they pressed,
And while they impatient redoubled their toil,
Hibernia her Sire thus addressed:

“Disposer of fate, still the innocent’s friend,
On Ireland with favour look down;
From the blood-stained despoiler my votaries defend,
And crush these proud hopes with thy frown.
Oh, ne’er let the sons of impiety bold,
Defying thy judgments, exclaim,
That guilt is permitted to rage uncontrouled,
And Providence nought but a name.”

She spoke, and loud thunder proclaimed to her ear,
That the boon was conceded by Heaven;
The tempest’s strain rose, filled the boldest with fear,
While each bark in disorder was driven;
The sport of wild waves, some were tossed to and fro,
Some engulphed in the fathomless main,
Some captured, while all who survived, in despair
Bewailed their rash project in vain.

Hibernia enraptured her mellow harp strung;
And, transport succeeding to pain,
So sweetly her tribute of gratitude sung,
That angels re-echoed that strain;

Oh join the loud chorus of thanks and of love,
Through all Europe be wafted the sounds;
Praise Him, who on virtue beams mild from above,
But guilt and presumption confounds.

IV.

THE BANTRY BAY INVASION, 1797.

Printed in the 1st volume of a Collection of Constitutional
Songs. A. Edwards, Cork, 1799, p. 78.

THE world has long waited in great consternation
Th' event of this wonderful French preparation;
Whether Portugal,* Ireland, or India called west,
Should be prey to the fierce desperadoes of Brest.

Derry down, &c.

* In Tone's Journal of 18th October, 1796, the following anecdote is given respecting this report. "Shee told me a good story to-day. The English had lodged fifty louis to pay the printer here (Brest) for a copy of the proclamation which they foresaw Hoche would publish, wheresoever he was bound. He got wind of this, and by Shee's advice prepared a proclamation for the Portuguese, in order to have it translated. Having thus spread the report among these knaves, he sent off Shee privately to Angiers, where there is a printer on whom he has reliance, and caused the proclamation to be printed there, taking every possible precaution that not a copy should escape. It was well imagined

There was Admiral Galle, faith, and Richery too,
 A pair of damned pirates as ever you knew ;
 With soldiers and galley-slaves led on by Hoche,*
 I wish the dee'l had the whole set "dans sa poche."
Derry down, &c.

'Twas long undetermined which way they should steer,
 'Till at last they bethought 'em of our Christmas cheer;
 When with good provisions our cellars are stored,
 And beef and plum-pudding smoke rich on the board.
Derry down, &c.

In anger and appetite none could exceed 'em,
 They failed—'tis no treason to say, devil speed 'em,
 That this was their scheme you must own is most clear,
 For they moored 'twixt Sheeps-head and the island of
Beer.† Derry down, &c.

of Colonel Shee, and I have no doubt but those rascally priests will take care the story of the Portuguese proclamation shall find its way to England. All fair—all fair."

* This, no doubt alludes to the *légion noire*—"about eighteen hundred. They are the banditti for England, and sad blackguards they are. They put me strongly in mind of the greenboys of Dublin."—Tone's Journal, 10th November, 1796.

† Punning as this line may seem, it is nevertheless correct. Sheep's Head, or Minterbarra Point, is at the eastern entrance of Bantry bay; Beer, Bere or Bear island, is about a league north-west of it, and about six miles in length. The channel between Bere island on the western side of Bantry bay is about an English mile in breadth, and affords good anchorage in from ten to fifteen

It blew from the shore a brisk wind at north-east,
And they snuff'd in the gale, Richard White's* Christ-
mas feast ;

For at Seafeld good cheer and good fellowship reign,
May our enemies long for them ever in vain.

Derry down, &c.

How they licked their lank lips, as they thought to
On his Carberry mutton and old bottled-ale ; [regale
But in this the French gluttons were sadly mistaken,
'Stead of tasting his meat, not to save their own bacon.

Derry down, &c.

For Patrick, the tutelar saint of our isle,
Looked down on his favourite sons with a smile.
"No ravages shall this fair country deform,
I'll scatter the ruffians," he cried, "with a storm."

Derry down, &c.

With spirits elate, and with arms in each hand
Indignant we rose to repel this rash band ;
Meantime our good saint had preferred his petition,
And Æolus, well pleased, undertook the commission.

Derry down, &c.

fathoms water. On the east of the island, or main-passage up the bay, the anchorage varies from thirty to forty fathoms.

* The present Earl of Bantry. The *London Gazette* of 3rd January, 1797, states that "in particular, the spirit, activity, and exertions of Richard White, Esq., of Seafeld Park, deserve the most honourable mention."

The wind 'gan to rage, and the surges to roar,
And drove them, half-starved, from the long wished-
for shore ;

A few ships returned, when the weather grew still,
But they ne'er could get farther than Hungry Hill.
Derry down, &c.

O name of ill omen to Richery's crew,
The island of promise just suffered to view ;
Now robbed of their booty, let Hoche and his hectors
Go tell their great feats to the Gallic directors.
Derry down, &c.

To complete their confusion, Lord Bridport appears,*
And the flag of Great Britain triumphant uprears ;
Upon the Atlantic all scattered they rove,
As sheep from the wolf, or from falcon the dove.
Derry down, &c.

Then bumper your glasses, to George drink a health,
To Ireland, peace, happiness, honor, and wealth ;
May no feuds or discord her united sons sever,
And our army and navy be victorious for ever.
Derry down, &c.

* Lord Bridport's squadron, consisting of ten sail of the line, put to sea from Spithead on the 3rd January, 1797, in quest of the French fleet.

V.

OH ! BROTHER SOLDIER.

AT the time of the Bantry bay Invasion, the south and west of Ireland were, comparatively speaking, free from the rebellious poison which the United Irishmen, of the north, endeavoured to instil into the country, and these districts were therefore decidedly hostile to France.

The zeal and alacrity of the yeomanry and volunteer corps, upon the intelligence of the appearance of the enemy's fleet, is particularly noticed in the *London Gazette*, of 3rd January 1797. And in the subsequent *Gazette*, of 7th of January, it is stated, that "the accounts of the disposition of the country where the troops are assembled are as favorable as possible, and the greatest loyalty has manifested itself throughout the kingdom; and in the south and west, where the troops have been in motion, they have been met by the country people of all descriptions with provisions and all sorts of accommodations to facilitate their march; and every demonstration has been given of the zeal and ardour of the nation to oppose the enemy, in every place where it could be supposed a descent might be attempted."

The *London Gazette*, of the 17th of January, contains a letter from the Lord Lieutenant,* in which after

* Earl Camden.

noticing the good disposition evinced by the troops, his excellency proceeds:—"The roads, which in parts had been rendered impassable by the snow, were cleared by the peasantry. The poor people often shared their potatoes with them, and dressed their meat without demanding payment; of which there was a very particular instance in the town of Banagher, where no gentleman or principal farmer resides to set them an example. At Carlow a considerable subscription was made for the troops as they passed; and at Limerick and Cork every exertion was used to facilitate the carriage of artillery and baggage, by premiums to the carmen;* and in the town of Galway which for a short time was left with a very inadequate garrison, the zeal and ardour of the inhabitants and yeomanry was peculiarly manifested, and in a manner to give the utmost satisfaction. In short the general good disposition of the people through the south and west was so prevalent, that had the enemy landed their hope of assistance from the inhabitants would have been totally disappointed. From the armed yeomanry government derived the most honorable assistance. Noblemen and gentlemen of the first property vied in exerting themselves at the head of their corps. Much of the

* The merchants of Cork kept ready in stable twenty horses at their own expense for the use of government, and on the 3rd of January they gave refreshments to seven hundred of the army, besides making an allowance of two pence halfpenny to the wife, and two pence to each child, per day, of those married soldiers who had marched towards Bantry.—ED.

express and escort duty was performed by them. In Cork, Limerick, and Galway, they took the duty of the garrison. Lord Shannon informs me, that men of three and four thousand pounds a-year were employed in escorting baggage and carrying expresses. Mr. John Latouche, who was a private in his son's corps, rode twenty-five miles in one of the severest nights, with an express, it being his turn for duty. The merchants of Dublin, many of them of the first eminence, marched sixteen, Irish, miles with a convoy of arms to the north, whither it was conducted by reliefs of yeomanry."

The song here given is from a manuscript copy, accidentally rescued by the Editor from lighting a fire in an inn at Bandon, May 1825. An inferior version is printed in the first volume of a "Collection of Constitutional Songs," A. Edwards, Cork, 1799, p. 54. It is evidently an impromptu on the first intelligence of the French fleet having anchored in Bantry bay, and exemplifies the loyal feeling so strongly manifested on that trying occasion.

Tune—"Lilliburlero."

Oh! brother soldier, heard you the news,

Twang 'em, we'll bang 'em, and hang 'em up all;
An army's arrived without breeches or shoes,

Twang 'em, we'll bang 'em, and hang 'em up all.

To arms, to arms!

Brave boys, to arms!

A true Irish cause on your courage does call,
 Court, country, and city,
 Against a banditti ;
 Twang 'em, we'll bang 'em, and hang 'em up all.

The French to invade us prepared a great fleet,
 Twang 'em, &c.
 And now since they're come, we shall very soon meet.
 Twang 'em, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

They come the true cause, they say, to advance,
 Twang 'em, &c.
 But what is more rare they bring freedom from France.
 Twang 'em, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

If this should surprise you, there's news, brothers, yet,
 Twang 'em, &c.
 They bring French assignats to pay every man's debt.
 Twang 'em, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

* It was intended by the French to issue assignats immediately on their landing. A few were issued by Humbert's order at Killala. The following is a copy of one of these:

"No. 20.

"In the name of the French government, good for half-a-guinea, to be raised of the province of Connaught.

"3rd September, 1798.

"JOHN MOORE."

Mr. Moore, who signed the above, was the son of a Roman

And sure this is paying you in the best ore,

Twang 'em, &c.

For who once is thus paid, will never want more.

Twang 'em, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

After all their good nature, we shall not agree,

Twang 'em, &c.

Our Protestant heroes will make them to flee.

Twang 'em, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

V.

YE SONS OF HIBERNIA.

THIS song is printed in the first volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs. A. Edwards, Cork, 1799, p. 56." And it is given in addition to the preceding, as evidence of the loyal alacrity generally manifested by all classes at the appearance of the French fleet in Bantry bay. From the fourth verse it would seem to have been written by a student of

Catholic gentleman of considerable fortune in the county of Mayo, and was appointed President of Connaught by General Humbert.

Trinity College, Dublin, on the formation of "the college corps."

The dispatch of his excellency the lord lieutenant, published in the *London Gazette*, of 17th January, 1797, and already extensively quoted from, contains the following passage. "The appearance in this metropolis has been highly meritorious. The corps have been formed of the most respectable barristers, attornies, merchants, gentlemen, and citizens, and their number is so considerable, and their zeal in mounting guards so useful, that I was enabled greatly to reduce the garrison with perfect safety to the town."

Tune—"Joy and health to the Duchess wherever she goes."

Ye sons of Hibernia, alive to the call
Of duty most sacred, of glory and honour;
Resolved with your country to stand or to fall,
Who gloriously crowd to true liberty's banner;
Thus loyal and free
You always shall be,
Your king and your country rewards shall bestow,
And gratitude raise
The song to your praise,
Success to our yeomen wherever they go.

In history's volume the sage shall record,
How in anarchy sunk and urged on by distraction,
'Gainst this loyal kingdom that France drew the sword,
Obeying the nod of vile party and faction:

To your country still true,
To your arms you flew
With ardour to combat the insolent foe ;
While Hibernia with pride
Triumphantly cried,
Success to my yeomen wherever they go.

Attached to our country, our king, and our laws,
No party shall rule us, no faction dissever;
We'll conquer or perish in this glorious cause,
Our motto shall be "George and freedom for ever."
To win glory's charms,
More brothers in arms
Shall join us, as streams still enlarge as they flow;
Be sacred each name
In the records of fame,
Success to our yeomen wherever they go.

At college, our students the ardour have caught*
Of patriots distinguished in Greece and in Rome;
By such bright examples so gloriously taught,
To fight for their country in life's early bloom.
How in every age
The hero and sage
United to combat for freedom, they know,

* "The corps, consisting of three hundred gentlemen of the University of Dublin, have so distinguished themselves by spirit and activity, that the dangerous outposts upon the canals are usually committed to them."—*Courier Newspaper*, June 12, 1798.

For their country enroll'd
Like the patriots of old,
The laurel shall wreath them wherever they go.

All ranks, all professions, shall greatly unite,
The lawyer, the student, the farmer, the trader ;
In one armed host for their country to fight,
Their rights to preserve and repel the invader :*
By this valiant band
Protected we'll stand,

* Teeling, in his *Personal Narrative*, thus ironically describes the appearance of Dublin. "Every man was dressed in military costume. The clerks of office frisked about like young cadets, who, though vain of their dress and appointments, were not yet familiarized with their use. Such of the law officers as I encountered had exchanged their sable for scarlet, and presented the most grotesque appearance,—a perfect caricature of the military profession. Some of the aldermanic body, who happened to be in attendance [at the Castle], were so completely metamorphosed, that even the inventive imagination of Shakspeare could have produced no forms more extraordinary, or more opposite in nature to the human race,—a combination of German moustaches, with Prussian cues extending from the cumbrous helmet which covered the tonsured crown of years ; the gross unwieldy paunch, supported by a belt cracking under the weight of turtle and savoury ragouts. The immense rotundity projecting beyond the scanty skirt of a light horseman's jacket, formed an appearance not more disgusting to the eye, than unsuited to the saddle which was to bear the precious burthen of the gallant volunteer. 'And are these,' said I, 'the heroes that were to contend with Hoche? Oh, blessed be the hour that raised the storm which protected corporate rights, and deprived the vulture of its prey.' "

Long as sea round the shores of Ireland shall flow ;
To them let us raise
The due tribute of praise,
Success to our yeomen wherever they go.

VII.

THE TRIUMPHS OF ERIN.

FROM "A Collection of Constitutional Songs. A.
Edwards, Cork, 1799. Vol. 1. p. 92."

Emerald island, verdant Erin,
Lo! along thy troubled shore,
Treason high its standard rearing,
Pants to dye thy fields in gore.

Once endowed with every blessing,
Free, united, loyal, brave ;
Now thy treach'rous sons are pressing
Thee, their parent to enslave.

Freedom's sacred name assuming,
Basely they pervert its end ;
To their dreadful plans presuming,
Erin's gen'rous soul to bend.

But beneath the cloak of feeling,
Love and truth and peace professed;
Treason, thus its head concealing,
Points a dagger at thy breast.

Those for freedom truly fighting,
Ne'er would sell their native plains;
Nor the aid of France inviting,
Seek a foreign tyrant's chains.

Erin, ancient seat of learning,
Whilst o'er Europe darkness spread,
Can'st not thou, its wiles discerning,
Crush the specious serpent's head.

Nurse of heroes, famed in story,
Oft confounding France and Spain;
May those miscreants cause thy glory,
As of old, to shine again.

See thy sister-island standing,
Mark her calm majestic form;
All her ancient soul commanding,
Smiling at the threaten'd storm.

Round your isles, e'en now in motion,
See her circling navy draws;
Peerless empress of the ocean,
Neptune's self supports her cause.

Then, in conscious strength elated,
Join with her to save the world;
Soon shall France, to ruin fated,
At your conqu'ring feet be hurl'd.

VIII.

ROUSE, HIBERNIANS.

Is entitled "A Song of the United Irishmen," and is copied from the appendix, No. xvi. of Sir Richard Musgrave's *Memoirs of the Irish Rebellions*;—with the following note upon it. "This was found on the mother of Dogherty, an United Irishman, who was killed by Woollaghan, at Delgany, in the county of Wicklow, in autumn 1798. She was seen to throw it out of her pocket, yet she swore she never saw it." Sir Richard Musgrave adds the following remark: "By means of songs the passions of the multitude were very much excited."

Rouse, Hibernians, from your slumbers!

See the moment just arrived,
Imperious tyrants for to humble,
Our French brethren are at hand.

Vive la, united heroes,
Triumphant always may they be,
Vive la, our gallant brethren,
That have come to set us free.

Erin's sons be not faint-hearted,
Welcome, sing then Ça Ira;
From Killala they are marching,
To the tune of Vive la.

Vive la, united heroes, &c.

To arms quickly, and be ready,
Join the ranks and never flee,
Determined stand by one another,
And from tyrants you'll be free.

Vive la, united heroes, &c.

Cruel tyrants who oppressed you,
Now with terror see their fall!
Then bless the heroes who caress you,
The orange now goes to the wall.

Vive la, united heroes, &c.

Apostate orange, why so dull now?
Self-willed slaves, why do you frown?
Sure you might know how Irish freemen
Soon would put your orange down.

Vive la, united heroes,
Triumphant always may they be,
Vive la, our gallant brethren,
That have come to set us free.

IX.

GENERAL WONDER IN OUR LAND.

FROM a manuscript copy found among the papers of the late Mr. Millikin (the author of the "Groves of Blarney"), but not in that gentleman's autograph.

Some lines embodying the same idea occur in the poems of O'Kelly, an Irish rhymmer, whose visit to Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth, when passing through Limerick in 1825, is thus described by Mr. Lockhart:—"There was ushered in a brother-poet, who must needs pay his personal respects to the author of "Marmion." He was a scare-crow figure—attired much in the fashion of the *strugglers*—by name O'Kelly; and he had produced on the spur of the occasion this modest parody of Dryden's famous epigram.

" Three poets, of three different nations born,
The United Kingdom in this age adorn:
Byron of England, Scott of Scotia's blood,
And Erin's pride—O'Kelly great and good."

" Sir Walter's five shillings were at once forthcoming."—&c.

" While Admiral Bridport lay at rest,
And Colpoys everywhere was peeping,
Admiral de Galle stole from Brest,
And thought to catch the Irish sleeping.

“ But a rare Admiral, General Gale,
Oh may the gods give him a blessing !
Appeared in time with crowded sail,
And gave to frog-eaters a dressing.

“ Then here’s a health to General Gale,
And to Momonia’s friends another,
Oh may their union never fail
Invading foes to blast and smother.”

GENERAL wonder in our land,
And general consternation;
General gale on Bantry strand,
For general preservation.

General rich he shook with awe
At general insurrection;
General poor his sword did draw,
With general disaffection.

General blood was just at hand,
As general Hoche appeared;
General woe fled through our land,
As general want was feared.

General gale our fears dispersed,
He conquered general dread;
General joy each heart has swelled,
As general Hoche has fled.

General love no blood has shed,
He left us general ease,
General horror he has fled,
Let God get general praise.

To that great General of the skies,
That sent us general gale,
With general love our voices rise
In one great general peal.

PART IV.

THE KILLALA INVASION—1798.

“ A NARRATIVE of what passed at Killala in the county of Mayo, and the parts adjacent, during the French invasion in the summer of 1798, by an Eye-Witness,” appeared soon after the occurrence, and of which pamphlet (of about 120 8vo. pages) several editions have appeared in Ireland. This eye-witness was Dr. Joseph Stock, Bishop of Killala, and who was afterwards translated to the see of Waterford. But the following account of this invasion, which was published in the “ Dublin Penny Journal,” by another eye-witness, is so graphic a picture, that the Editor has been tempted to transfer it to these pages.

“ A serene and cloudless sky, and brilliant sun, rendered the 22nd of August one of the finest days of that remarkable season.

“ It was on the morning of that day, whilst proceeding from Palmerstown to Killala, I first beheld a ship of war; three vessels of unusual size, magnified by the still calm of the ocean, stretched slowly across the bay of Rathfran (on the larboard tack), weathering the reef which divides it from the bay of Killala: a smaller vessel appeared in the offing.

“ About twelve o'clock the frigates were visible from

the Steeple Hill and the higher parts of the town; they showed English colours.

“ The collector and some other persons proceeded on board; between two and three o'clock, p.m. the frigates were standing across towards the bay of Rathfran; marks of agitation and restlessness became now apparent amongst several of the inhabitants. I met O'Kearney, the classical teacher, as he was returning from the 'Acres,' a remote and elevated quarter of the town; a half-suppressed smile of satisfaction played on his countenance as he saluted me; it was the last time we ever spoke. At four o'clock the agitation and alarm increased; the revenue officers had not returned. The inhabitants were fronted on the Steeple Hill, Captain William Kirkwood of the yeomanry, now joined in uniform, as well as several of his corps, who began to make their appearance. Two officers of the carabineers arrived from Ballina; they had been at the Cape of Good Hope, and were judges of all those sort of things; we awaited their opinion with anxiety—they could form none. 'Here,' said Captain Kirkwood, handing his telescope to an old seaman belonging to the town, who had served under Howe and Rodney, 'here, tell me what these vessels are.' 'They are French, sir,' replied the veteran, 'I know them by the cut and colour of their sails.'

“ Quitting the crowd, Captain Kirkwood was accosted by Neal Kerugan (afterwards an active chief of insurgents), inquiring, what nation the frigates belonged to. 'Ah, Neal,' replied the Captain, 'you

know as well as I do.' Returning now to Palmerstown, I had scarcely arrived, when a neighbouring peasant on horseback, breathless, and with the perspiration of terror streaming down his forehead, announced that a body of strangers in dark uniforms had landed from the ships—were distributing arms—had been joined by several of the inhabitants, and were actually advancing.—'There they come,' said he, pointing to an eminence a mile and half distant, over which the road passed, and we beheld a dark and solid mass, moving onwards; their arms glittered in the rays of the declining sun. They were occasionally visible as they passed over the inequalities of the ground, till emerging from a banky part of the road, within a quarter of a mile of Palmerstown, we beheld their column of about eight hundred men, silently, but rapidly, advancing. They were preceded at some distance by a single horseman, a robust middle-aged man, dressed in a long green hunting frock, and high conical fur cap; stopping for a moment, he saluted us in the Leinster patois of Irish, with '*Go de mu ha tu*' (how do ye do?—A general officer (Sarrazin) and aide-de-camp (Mr. Tone) were now close up; a laugh of approbation was interchanged between the chasseur and his general.

"The Commander-in-chief (Humbert) seated in a gig now advanced at the head of this celebrated band of warriors, which regularly, but with precision, pressed rapidly forwards; calm and unconcerned, they presented no indication of men going into combat. Having

crossed the bridge of Palmerstown, about three hundred men were countermarched and bivouacked on the green esplanade in front of the village; the remainder marched on to Killala.

“The sun had set behind the western wave and the grey twilight of evening was fast advancing, as the French, descending the hill of Mullagharn, beheld the yeomanry and a party of the Leicestershire fencibles forming on a commanding ridge, at the entrance of the town; Captain Kirkwood had been just apprised of the hostile landing, by a fisherman, who had crossed at Rathfran, whilst the French detoured by Palmerstown, and had ordered his men to this post; from which, however, they retired into the town, on the nearer approach of the French. Three streets diverge from the centre of Killala, in the form of a sportsman's turnscrew: one southerly towards the ‘Acres’; a second westerly, by which the French were advancing; the third or main street, easterly, winding by the church-yard wall, on a steep declivity to the castle; and onwards towards Ballina.

“It was on the edge of this declivity the military reformed; Moreau could not have chosen a more judicious position for a retreat. Humbert on reaching the outskirts of the town, made his dispositions: he detached a party under Neal Kerrugan (who had first joined him), across the Meadows, to enter by the Acres road, in order to cut off the retreat of the military by that rout, or turn them if in position; he advanced a few sections, *en tirailleur*, to occupy the ridge from

which the military had retired. The chasseur galloped into the town to reconnoitre; he was scarcely out of sight in the winding street, when a single shot was heard, followed at a short interval by a random scattery volley:—it was a moment of anxious suspense, but the chasseur bore a charmed life. On approaching the market-place, he was challenged by a yeoman, (a young gentleman of the place), who had loitered behind his companions, with ‘What do ye want, you spy?’ the answer was a bullet through the body, and he fell dead into the door of a house at which he was standing. The veteran then reconnoitred the line of the military, and receiving their fire, returned to his comrades: he related these events with the *sangfroid* of an amateur; he had been in twenty battles, and had never had the honour of receiving the entire fire of the enemy’s line before. The tirailleurs were warmly engaged; the column redoubled its speed, and at the centre of the town, a party of grenadiers which marched at its head, deployed on the main street; they were received by an ill-directed volley from the military, at about one hundred yards distance; their captain was struck with a ball on the foot; foaming with rage, he ordered his grenadiers to charge. It was refused by the military; the yeomanry first broke ground and were soon followed by the fencibles. Protected by the declivity and the church-yard wall, from the French fire, the yeomanry escaped through the castle gates; the fencibles fled onwards towards Ballina; Captain Kirkwood turned down, by his own

house, to the strand, expecting to reach Ballina, unperceived, by that route. One yeoman alone remained, Mr. Smith, the respectable apothecary of the town; aged and afflicted with gout, he was unable to keep pace with his companions; excluded, on shutting the castle gates, he struggled to reach his own house, it was not distant one hundred yards, but his days were numbered; the chasseur was at his heels: eager to make Captain Kirkwood, (whom he first observed) his prisoner, he disdained the same favour to a soldier belonging to the ranks—he fired, and the unfortunate man fell a lifeless corpse.”

SONGS RELATING TO THE KILLALA INVASION.

I.

AGAIN, TO SEEK OUR EMERALD ISLE.

PRINTED in the first volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs." A. Edwards, Cork, 1799, p. 89. The editor has no hesitation in ascribing the authorship of this song to Sir Hardinge Giffard.

Again, to seek our Emerald Isle,
The frantic Gaul directs his way ;
Even now his feet the land defile,
Even now I hear sad Erin say,
"Once more arise, ye patriot band,
Avengers of your native land."*

"By all the fields your fathers won,
By all the blood yourselves have shed,
Let every sire exhort his son
To emulate the mighty dead :
Then shall arise the patriot band,
Avengers of their native land.

* "On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit—they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land."—*Gray's Bard*.

“By Wexford’s bridge, begrim’d with blood,
 The scene of many a murderous day,
 While silver Slaney’s trembling flood,
 Ran blushing crimson to the sea!*

To vengeance rise ye patriot band,
 To vengeance for your native land.

“By Enniscorthy’s blood-stain’d hill,
 Where many a loyal hero lies,
 By Ross’s streets, and Fowkes’s mill,
 Once more my sons to glory rise ;
 ’Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
 Avengers of their native land.

“By the sad matron’s piercing screams,
 That mingle with her children’s cries,
 From Scullaboge’s† detested flames,
 And claim their vengeance from the skies.
 ’Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
 Avengers of her native land.

* Sir William Davenant, in a poem addressed to the Earl of Orrery, thus compliments his lordship upon his victory at Makroom, in 1650.

“When Makroom chang’d the colour of her flood,
 And *deeply blush’d with stains of rebels’ blood* ;
 When Cork’s proud river did her flowing stay,
 And frighted gave the ebb of Makroom way,
 Which from her stream did pale as christal flow,
 But in her ebb as red as corral show.”

† For an account of the horrid tragedies enacted in 1798, at the above-named places, see Sir Richard Musgrave’s “Memoirs of the different Rebellions in Ireland.”

“By glorious Ryan’s* honored shade,
 (The victim of a murderer’s knife!)
That spirit by no fear dismayed,
 Which for his country gave his life.
 ’Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
 Avengers of their native land.

“By sainted Giffard’s† early urn,
 A martyr in the dawn of youth,

* Captain Ryan received fourteen wounds from a dagger in the struggle with Lord Edward Fitzgerald (19th May, 1798), which ended in the capture of his lordship. Captain Ryan died in consequence a few days after.

+ Lieutenant William Giffard, of the eighty-second regiment, son of the well-known “Jack Giffard” of Dublin, was taken out of the Limerick mail coach, and piked to death by a party of rebels, in May 1798, near Kildare. “The savages having shot one of the horses, so as effectually to prevent the coach from proceeding, demanded of Lieutenant Giffard who and what he was; to which he answered without hesitation that he was an officer, proceeding on his way to Chatham in obedience to orders he had received. They demanded whether he was a Protestant, and being answered in the affirmative, they held a moment’s consultation, and then told him that they wanted officers; that if he would take an oath to be true to them, and join them in an attack to be made the next morning upon Monastereven, they would give him a command, but otherwise he must die. To this the gallant youth replied that he had already sworn allegiance to the king; that he would never offend God Almighty by a breach of that oath; nor would he disgrace himself by turning a deserter and joining the king’s enemies; that he could not suppose an army of men would be so cruel as to murder an individual who

Whose glowing soul no force could turn
From honour, loyalty, and truth.

'Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
Avengers of their native land.

“By brave Mountjoy* and proud O'Neill,†

had never injured them, and who was merely passing through them to a country from whence possibly he never should return ; but if they insisted on this proposal he must die, for he never could consent to it. This brave and yet pathetic answer, which would have kindled sentiments of generous humanity in any breasts but those of Irish rebels, had directly the contrary effect upon them. With the utmost fury they assaulted him ; he had a case of pocket pistols, which his natural courage and love of life, though hopeless, prompted him to use with effect. Being uncommonly active, he burst from them, and vaulting over a six-feet wall, he made towards a house where he saw a light, and heard people talking. Alas ! it afforded no refuge ! It was the house of poor Crawford (an old soldier and a pensioner), whom with his granddaughter they had just piked. A band of barbarians, returning from this exploit, met lieutenant Giffard ; there he fell, covered with wounds and glory, and his mangled body was thrown into the same ditch with honest Crawford and his innocent granddaughter. Thus he expired at the age of seventeen.” General Sir James Duff, with a body of the king's troops, who had made a forced march from Limerick, of seventy miles, without halting, in forty-eight hours, found the body of the noble young Giffard, and interred it with military honours.

* Luke Gardiner, Lord Mountjoy, colonel of the Dublin regiment of militia, was killed on the 5th June, 1798, in the first attack made by the rebels on the Three Bullet Gate, at New Ross. He was much beloved and lamented.

† Viscount O'Neill, governor of the county of Antrim, acting

By gallant Sandys, in glory slain ;
Where many a traitor taints the gale,
Unburied in the goary plain.

'Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
Avengers of their native land.

"Yes, by those goary fields we swear,

By every immolated friend,

The loyal banner still to rear,

Our king and country to defend.

Since Erin calls her patriot band,

Avengers of their native land."

upon intelligence which he had received, summoned the magistrates of the county, by public notice, to meet him on the 7th June, 1798, at Antrim, to concert measures to prevent an insurrection in the north. The leaders of the conspiracy determined therefore to attack the town on that day, and to make his lordship and the other magistrates prisoners. The attack was made accordingly, and was very nearly successful. Lord O'Neill's horse, being wounded, became unmanageable, and his lordship was knocked off it, in the street between the market house and guard house, by a pikeman, and mortally wounded. His lordship died on the 17th of June, at Shane's Castle.

II.

PLANT, PLANT, THE TREE.

FROM a collection of songs entitled "The Irish Harp new strung." Tune—"Daffy, hi down dilly." It is also printed in the appendix, No. xxvii, to the report from the Committee of Secrecy of the Irish House of Commons, presented by Lord Castlereagh, on the 21st August 1798.

SEE, Erin's sons, yon rising beam,
The eastern hills adorning,
Now freedom's sun begins to gleam,
And break a glorious morning;
Despotic sway from France is chased,
And church delusion vanish'd,
Our isle shall never be disgraced,
If these dread fiends were banished.

CHORUS.

Plant, plant, the tree, fair freedom's tree,
Midst danger, wounds, and slaughter;
Erin's green fields its soil shall be,
Her tyrant's blood its water.

They come, they come, see myriads come,
Of Frenchmen to relieve us:
Seize, seize, the pike, beat, beat, the drum,
They come, my friends, to save us;

Whilst trembling despots fly this land,
To shun impending danger,
We stretch forth our fraternal hand,
To hail each welcome stranger.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

The castle which through ages past,
For despots was appointed,
You, sovereign people, claim at last,
For you're the Lord's anointed:
The useless baubles that adorned
Our late vice-royal ninnies,
Now to the crucible returned,
Produce you useful guineas.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

Those nicknames, marquis, lord, and earl,
That set the crowd a-gazing;
We prize as hogs esteem a pearl,
Their patents set a-blazing.
No more they'll vote away our wealth,
To please a king or queen, sirs,
But gladly pack away by stealth,
Or taste the guillotine, sirs.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

Our Commons too who say, for sooth,
They represent the nation,
Shall scamper east, west, north, and south,
Or feel our indignation;

The speaker's mace to current coin
We presently will alter,
For ribands lately thought so fine
We'll fit each with a halter.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

No more our tithes we'll grumbling throw
To those who on us trample,
But, where he wills each man shall go,
To reason's purest temple;
Erin go bragh, each choir shall sing,
The heart oppressed to cheer, sirs;
Nor those curs'd sounds "God save the King,"
Discordant grate our ears, sirs.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

The nation's bank has been put up,
To swindling most completely,
To forgeries it e'en can stoop,
On guinea notes so neatly.
And when it gets your solid coin,
The custom-house marauder,
Will forgery in red letters join
To the back of Townly Lawder.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

Those lawyers who with face of brass,
And wigs replete with learning,
Whose far-fetch'd quibbling quirks surpass
Republicans' discerning;

For them, to ancient forms be staunch,
'Twill suit such worthy fellows,
In justice spare one legal branch,—
I mean reserve the gallows.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

And when th' all-glorious work is done,
Rejoice with one another,
To plough-shares beat the sword and gun,
Now ev'ry man's your brother;
Detested wars shall ever cease
In kind fraternization,
All will be harmony and peace,
And the whole world one nation.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

III.

ERIN MAY GO BRAY.

ORIGINALLY published under a caricature print of a hussar, riding on an unruly ass, and stated to be "found in the pocket of a French officer." To the tune of "Malbrook." Reprinted in the first volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs." Cork: A. Edwards, 1799, p. 90. The authorship of this song has been attributed to Law, bishop of Elphin.

ERIN MAY GO BRAY.

From Rochfort, in the Bay of Biscay,
Me come for de very fine whiskey,
To make de Jacobine friskey;
And Erin may go bray,*
And Erin may go bray!

Me get de mealy potatoe,
From de Irish democrato,
To make de Jacobin fatto.
And Erin may go bray, &c.

Me get by de guillotine axes,
De rents, and de tydes, and de taxes,
De beef, and de pork, and de flaxes,
And Erin may go bray, &c.

De beef be good for my belly,
De veal make very fine jelly,
For me to kiss Norah and Nelly.
And Erin may go bray, &c.

* A play upon the well-known motto of *Erin go bragh*. The Bantry bay as well as the Killala expeditions, had on board several flags, with this and other Irish mottoes and devices. In the narrative of the Killala invasion by Bishop Stock, he says, "A green flag was mounted" (by the French) "over the castle gate," (the bishop's residence) "with the inscription ERIN GO BRAGH, importing, as I am told, Ireland for ever! This flag was the signal to invite as many as had the spirit to assert their freedom to join a brave people, who were come for no other purpose but to make them independent and happy."

De linen make shirt for my ruffle,
And Pat may go work vid his shovel,
Or live in his d——d dirty hovel.

And Erin may go bray, &c.

By Gar! you may grumble and pricko,
But Jacobin always will sticko,
While there's any thing for him to picko.

And Erin may go bray, &c.

Thanks to Neddy* and O'Connor,†
Who did me very great honor,
To put me astride upon her.

And Erin may go bray, &c.

* Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

† Mr. Arthur O'Connor, the nephew of Lord Longueville, was educated for the church, which, as a profession, he gave up for the bar. He was brought into the Irish Parliament by his uncle, and to his great surprise and displeasure, in 1795 made a violent speech against government; after which he proceeded to England, and became intimate with several of the opposition members of the English house. Mr. O'Connor was the sworn proprietor of *The Press*, a revolutionary newspaper, established in Dublin in October 1797, and the publication of which it appears extraordinary that the Irish government should have allowed to continue until Mr. O'Connor's arrest at Margate with Father Coigley. The paper and printing materials of *The Press* were seized, with the sixty-eighth number unpublished, on the 6th March 1798, by Alderman Alexander, in consequence of this information.

IV.

HUMBERT'S MISTAKE.

REPRINTED from the first volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs." Cork, A. Edwards, 1799, p. 118.

Tune—"Moggy Lawder."

From Castlebar, the French declare,
It is their sole intention,
On Connaught forthwith to confer
Freedom of their invention;
What freedom this
You soon may guess
By Humbert's proclamation;*
"You dogs," said he,
"You shall with me
Go plunder your own nation."

As Cooke, when on a savage shore
He friends would make of boobies,

* "A proclamation has been published by the French general, addressed to the Irish people. I read it this day. It differs but in few particulars from that issued by General Hoche, when off the coast of this kingdom. Great numbers of them, it appears, have been distributed through the province of Connaught, and from its appearance, I think, it was printed in Ireland."—*Private letter from Dublin, 29th August, printed in Courier, of 4th Sept. 1798.*

So beads and trinkets they brought o'er,
As presents for cropt boobies;
Of green surtouts,
Three thousand suits,*

* "Chests, containing each forty fusils, and others filled with new French uniforms and gaudy helmets, being heaped together in the castle-yard," (at Killala) "the first" (Irish peasants) "that offered their services received complete clothing; and these, by credible report, were about a thousand in number. The next comers, who were at least as many, had every thing but shoes and stockings. To the last arms only were given. And of arms, Colonel Charost assured the bishop, not less than five thousand stand were, in this place, delivered out to the insurgents.

"It was a melancholy spectacle, to those in the castle, to witness the eagerness with which the unfortunate rustics pressed forward to lay hold of these fatal trappings, the sure harbingers of their own speedy destruction.

"The coxcombry of the young clowns in their new dress; the mixture of good humour and contempt in the countenances of the French, employed in making puppies of them; the haste of the undressed to be as fine as their neighbours, casting away their old clothes long before it came to their turn to receive the new; above all, the merry activity of a handsome young fellow, a marine officer, whose business it was to consummate the vanity of the recruits by decorating them with helmets, beautifully edged with spotted brown paper, to look like leopard's skin, a task which he performed standing on a powder-barrel, and making the helmet fit any skull, even the largest, by thumping it down with his fists, careless whether it could ever be taken off again—these were circumstances that would have made you smile, though you had just come from seeing your house in flames."—

Extracts from Bishop Stock's Narrative.

They gave the rabble round them,
Who on that night
Played least in sight,
Nor have the Gauls since found them.

This novel "freedom" next "commands"

"That all men under forty
Shall in a mass, with pikes in hands,
Go fight the Orange-party ;"
But when they hear
Cornwallis near,
These mighty boasters scamper ;
And as they run
From town to town
Their front and rear we hamper.

Behold at length, near Mohill's plain,
We to an action brought them ;
Their barefoot allies they complain,
Are more savage than they thought 'em ;
French vipers fought
'Till they were taught
An Orange file was stronger,
Than any yet
They ever met ;
So they would bite no longer.

And when the French a parley beat
Our cannons cease to thunder,
The Connaught spalpeens now retreat,
'Twas useless to knock under ;

For well they knew,
 The perjured crew,
 No claim they had to favours;
 With fright half dead
 Each savage fled,
 His brogues his only saviours.

When th' open foe were prisoners made,
 'Twas then began the slaughter;
 Brave Roden's horse about them laid,
 'Mongst rebels from the altar.

Now Croppies speak,*
 What think you o' Lake,
 An't he a horrid 'Delzo'?†
 Of earth the scum,
 Before him run,
 They can't digest his pills O!‡

Our Armagh brothers did sustain
 An action hot and bloody;

* *Hibernice*—spake.

† Delzo—was a nickname given by the rebels to the orange-men or loyalists; and is of frequent occurrence in the songs of this period.—

“And may each loyal *Delzo* long join in the strain, sir,
 God save the king, to the devil with Tom Paine, sir.” &c.

The word *Delzo* has been explained to the Editor as a contraction of the devil's or de'il's own.

‡ “Lake's pills for a breaking out,” was a common term for musket balls, in 1798.

Their bayonets broke they still maintain
 The fight with fists most ready;
 The traitor Blake*
 Submits to Lake,
 With ninety-three poor peasants;
 Teeling and Roach
 (Our isle's reproach)
 Are now convicted felons.

You wealthy Crops, a warning take,
 From Humbert's "Gallic freedom,"
 Did he succeed, alike he'd speak
 To you and "Thomas Needham."
 "How can I know
 A friend from foe?"
 Would be the Frenchman's answer;
 The piper you'd pay
 As sure as day,
 Let who would be the dancer.†

* A Galway gentleman, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, taken in French uniform among the rebels, at Ballinamuck, and hanged. A postscript to General Lake's letter, dated 8th September, and published in the *London Gazette*, extraordinary, of 14th September 1798, states, "Ninety-six rebels taken. Three of them called general officers, by the names of Roach, Blake, and Teeling."

† This seems suggested by the following lines in Dibdin's song of "The Invasion"—

"Then they'll fasten a rope from the land's-end to France,
 On which, when their wonderful project's grown riper,
 They'll all to the tune of the carmagnol dance,
 Determin'd to make Jack Rosbiff pay the piper."

V.

THE CROPPIES IN SPIRITS.

FROM a manuscript copy. An inferior version appears in "A Collection of Constitutional Songs," Vol. ii. p. 61, published by A. Edwards, Cork, 1800. Tune—"The Protestant Boys," as the popular melody of "Lilliburlero" was generally called in the year 1798.

The Croppies "great news," in high spirits are crying,
"Come cheer up, my boys, the day is our own!"

The French flag is flying, the French fleet is lying,
In Killala bay, so all friends must go down.

Great warriors all, obey the glad call,

To welcome brave Humbert who's just come to land;
With pike, scythe, and hedge-stake, now let us the
field take,

And prove to the world we can yet make a stand.

Then every crop quickly pulled off the tail,

That a fortnight before he with caution put on;
Quite sure that their stratagems now could not fail,

The day was their own, they would hold two to one;
As their union, union, republican union,

Now would take place on the Shannon's green banks,
And the liberty tree should there firm planted be,

And from turf a gold cup made to give France their
thanks.

Strong union like our's, between freedom and power,
Must sure be cemented and never decay;
All heretic king's-men will long curse the hour
That Humbert first landed at Killala bay.
His clothing and arms, brought with them such charms,
As made hundreds in haste to his standard to hie;
But when dressed snug and warm, they thought it no
harm
From their new civic friends with their booty to fly.

At first the French fancied their allies did but joke,
And issued their orders, that they'd take the field;
But stout General Teeling to Humbert thus spoke:
"Do you think, you Spalpeen,* that to you I will yield?
No, I'll have the command, as this is our land,
No soup-meagre Frenchman shall e'er command me;
And now if you grumble, you back all may tumble,
Take a stick in your hands, boys, and walk home by
sea.

But while he was speaking Lake's army appears,
And Teeling stops short at the sound of a gun;
"Boys, trust to your legs; bid good bye to monseers."
So away to the mountains and bogs they all run.
Then the gallant Armagh such feats did display,
As filled their allies full of dread and alarms,
That the rebels all fled, and the Frenchmen in dread
Thought it best for their safety to lay down their
arms.

* *Spailpin*—a mean fellow.

Let each loyal subject that's fond of his king,
 Now fall in the ranks, with his musket in hand,
 In praise of our yeomen each roof should now ring,
 For they're the protection of this troubled land;
 All rebels, suppress 'em, our king may God bless him,
 And may he live long till all foes he destroys;
 May our good constitution meet no revolution,
 But still be supported by protestant boys!

VI.

NEWS FROM FRANCE.

PRINTED in the first volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs," A. Edwards, Cork, 1799, p. 38.

Tune—"Paddy Whack."

Good people of Erin attend to the nation,
 That long ago threaten'd to drive the world free,
 And quickly consult for your self-preservation,
 On reading her impudent Irish decree:
 "France offers the Irish that gentle protection
 She offered the Swiss, who like fools chose their graves,
 And as proof of indulgence, she'll feel no objection
 To raise the poor dogs to the rank of French slaves.
 "But freedom like her's being really a blessing,
 And not by a state to be gained every day,

'Tis fair that a people, this treasure possessing,
A price to their masters proportioned should pay;
To conquer for nothing, and rule without profit,
While charged with expenses her troops to maintain,
Is what she dislikes, and she begs to be off it,
France never gives freedom to natives in vain.

"She therefore refuses to aid insurrection,
As serving the cause of the rebels alone,
But first she will conquer, and then give protection,
And settle conditions—when Erin's her own.
For, unless to her plans of dominion appendant,
How can they, unconquered, affect to be free?
And how can they ever be called independent,
Unless, to whatever she wills, they agree?

"By Bridport's and Curtis's special permission,
As soon as her ships shall appear on the coast,
She begs from the Irish unquestioned admission,
And no molestation in landing her host:
The country she'll clear, as a proof of affection,
Of horses and cattle, and all she can reach,
And trusts that the peasants will find no objection,
Just gently to drag her great guns from the beach.

"To tradesmen she'll shew her particular favour,
And take manufactures that hang on their hands;
For plunder alone is the plan that can save her,
And surely they'll strive to outdo her demands.
The wealthy will find in a moment corrected
Each source of complaint and abuse in finance,

For the cash of the land having wisely collected,
She'll lodge that incumbrance securely in France.

“The clergy of every persuasion admitting,
To that toleration she shews to her own, [fitting,
They may do their good works in the place most be-
But the ravens of heaven shall feed them alone ;
She'll help the high church to a much safer station,
And leave not the catholics quite without hope,
For should they be teased till they fly from the nation,
They'll happily wander about with the Pope.

“Then for starving mechanics what holiday making!
No work for their labour, no cash for their gains,
No collectors of taxes, no proctors tythes taking,
But active French soldiers to spare them the pains ;
Whilst all shall by force volunteer contribution,
And those who have nothing must raise it by stealth,
With blessings like these and the French constitution,
Sure slav'ry is freedom, and beggary wealth!”

Sons of Erin, confound with indignant emotion
The traitors who thus would reduce you to slaves,
For proudly secure's the green isle of the ocean,
While Duncan, and Jervis, and Howe, rule the waves:
United with Britain, may Erin for ever,
In commerce, in arts, and in science advance ;
United with Britain, may Erin for ever
Live mighty and free, independent of France.

VII.

THE ORANGE LILY.

PRINTED in the second Volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs," Cork, A. Edwards, 1800, p. 6, and there stated to be written "by J. B., Esq., of Lodge No. 471."

My dear Orange brothers, have you heard of the news,
How the treacherous Frenchmen our gulls to amuse,
The troops that last April they promised to send,
At length at Killala they ventured to land.

Good Croppies, but don't be too bold now,
Lest you should be all stow'd in the hold now,
Then to Bot'ny you'd trudge, I am told now,
And a sweet orange lily for me.

But now that they're landed they find their mistake,
For in place of the Croppies they meet the brave Lake;
He soon will convince them that our orange and blue
Can ne'er be subdued by their plundering crew.

Good Croppies, then don't, &c.

That false traitor Emmet,* more ungrateful than hell,

* Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet, who died an exile in America. His younger brother, Robert, was executed in Dublin, 20th September, 1803.

With Mc Nevin* and Arthur,† though fast in their cell;
 What they formerly swore they have dar'd to deny,
 And the Secret Committee have charg'd with a lie!
 Good Croppies, then don't, &c.

But as, by this falsehood, it is clear they intend
 To induce us poor peasants the French to befriend;
 We shall soon, I hope, see them high dangling in air,
 'Twould be murd'ring the loyal such miscreants to spare.
 Good Croppies, then don't, &c.

On the trees at the camp Crop Lawless‡ intended,
 To hang up all those who their country defended;
 As the scene is reversed, a good joke it will be,
 In the place of dear Camden§ to put up those three.
 Good Croppies then don't, &c.

Judgment being entered on that bloody Bond,¶
 Execution should follow, the people contend;

* Dr. Mc Nevin, sent over, as an agent to France, by the society of United Irishmen, in June 1797, to press that republic to hasten another expedition.

† Mr. Arthur O'Connor. See p. 89.

‡ Mr. William Lawless, a surgeon residing in French-street, Dublin, by whom Lord Edward Fitzgerald was brought to the house of Cormick, in Thomas-street, for concealment in the early part of April 1798, and where his lordship remained concealed for nearly a month.

§ The Marquis Camden.

|| Mr. Oliver Bond, at whose house the Leinster delegates, of the United Irishmen, were arrested, and several papers taken,

Why stay it, say they, when engagements they've
broken?

The Direct'ry deny ev'ry word they had spoken.

Good Croppies, then don't, &c.

Then gird on your sabres, my brave Orangemen all,
For the Croppies are down, and the Frenchmen shall fall;
Let each lodge sally forth, from one to nine hundred.
Those freebooters ere long with the dead shall be
number'd.

Good Croppies, then don't, &c.

on the 12th March, 1798, which proved the existence of a conspiracy, upon information given by Mr. Thomas Reynolds, subsequently held up to public contempt as "Reynolds the informer." The Memoirs of Mr. Reynolds have been published by his son (2 vols. 8vo. 1838) with a view to vindicate his father's motives and memory. Mr. Bond died suddenly, 6th September, 1798, in Newgate, Dublin, where he was confined on the charge of high treason.

SIR JOHN WARREN'S ACTION.

Humber

To cooperate with what was considered to be the successful invasion of Humbert* and his small force at Killala, the French Directory used every exertion to dispatch the more formidable armament destined for Ireland, and which sailed before the news of Humbert's surrender was known.

This expedition consisted of one line-of-battle ship (la Hoche), eight frigates (namely, la Loire, la Coquille, la Bellone, l'Immortalité, l'Ambuscade, la Résolue, la Romaine, and la Sémillante), with a schooner (la Biche), and a transport brig, all of which, except the two last-named frigates and the two smaller vessels, were captured. In this fleet about three thousand soldiers were embarked, and the complements of the ships amounted to two thousand five hundred men more; which is mentioned as orders appear to have been given, if a landing was effected, to destroy the ships in case of necessity, and unite their crews with the troops. Considerable supplies of ammunition, spare arms, and clothing, were, as in the cases of the Bantry bay and Killala armaments, embarked.

* The signature given above is engraved from an autograph in the collection of John Blachford, Esq.

The military command of this force was entrusted to General Hardy, and the naval to Commodore Bompert, of the *Hoche*; on board which ship was the notorious Irish traitor Theobald Wolfe Tone, under his republican name of Citizen Smith, and in the character of Chef-de-Brigade.

Bompert's squadron sailed from Brest on the 17th September 1798, and after encountering contrary winds and some severe gales, arrived on the 10th of October off the coast of the county of Donegal. On the following day, at noon, the enemy was discovered bearing to the northward, by the *Amelia* (38 guns), which signalized the intelligence to the *Canada* (74), Captain Sir John Borlase Warren, who had in company at the time, two line-of-battle ships, and five frigates, including the *Amelia*, of which two were *razées*.* Two of these frigates, with a small vessel (the *Sylph*), had hovered around and watched the French squadron since its departure from Brest, until they fell in with and joined that of Sir John Warren.

The signal for a general chase was immediately made from the *Canada*, and to form as each ship came up with the enemy; but from the great distance of the French ships to windward, and a hollow sea, with rough and boisterous weather, the chase was continued all day during the 11th; the entire night, and until half-past five in the morning of the 12th of October; when the French Commodore (Bompert) perceiving

* "Tone's Memoirs" says, "Six ships of the line, one *razée* of sixty guns, and two frigates."

an engagement to be unavoidable, bore down and formed his line in close order upon the starboard tack.

From the length of the chase, and the English ships being so much separated, it was impossible to close before seven ; and then the Robust led ; the Magnanime followed, and passing to leeward of five French frigates they proceeded to engage the Hoche.

The action, which took place off Tory Island, and was distinctly seen and heard from the main land, commenced, according to the gazetted account, at twenty minutes past seven, and at eleven the Hoche, after a gallant defence, struck (see note, p. 115), and the French frigates made sail. The English ships of the line engaged were the Canada, Robust, and Foudroyant, with the Magnanime, Amelia, Ethalion, Melampus, and Anson frigates, which latter came up at the close of the action, having lost her mizen-mast in the chase of the preceding day.

Little more, and indeed in some particulars not so much as is here stated, appears in the *London Gazette* or official record of this action. Mr. James, in his *Naval History*, justly remarks that it is "very barren of details"; and to James's valuable work the reader is referred for the best account which has been published. Vol. ii, p. 224 to 248.

The flying frigates were followed by Sir John Warren's squadron, with the exception of the Robust, which remained by the Hoche ; and at four o'clock in the afternoon three of them had, after an honorable and obstinate resistance, hauled down their colours.

These were the *Coquille*, *Ambuscade*,* and *Bellone*; between the latter frigate and the *Ethalion* a close and severe contest was maintained for nearly two hours. And when the *Bellone* struck most of her sails had come down, and she had five feet of water in her hold, with twenty men killed and forty-five wounded. Of the remaining five frigates three were pursued by the English squadron round Telling-head, the other two with the schooner and brig having hauled the wind.

The three frigates on rounding Telling-head ran up Donegal bay during the night. One of them (*la Romaine*) which appeared nearly opposite the town of Donegal, grounded, when she prepared to put some men on shore. On perceiving this, Captain Montgomery, of the Mount Charles yeomanry, bravely and judiciously drew up his small corps, under cover of a wall, to oppose any attempt of the enemy to land. But the frigate floating with the rise of the tide, and an Irishman who had gone on board acquainting the captain with the surrender of Humbert, the intention was abandoned, and she stood out to join her companions.

Sir John Warren observing in the morning the two frigates which had hauled the wind the preceding day, gave chase to them in the *Canada*, accompanied by the *Foudroyant*; and dispatched the *Melampus*, Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Graham) Moore, in search of those which had run into Donegal bay.

* The *Coquille* had eighteen killed and thirty-one wounded. The *Ambuscade* fifteen killed and twenty-six wounded.

At midnight, on the 13th, the *Melampus* fell in with the *Résolue* and *Immortalité*, and directly opened so effective a fire upon the former as completely to unrig her in twenty-five minutes; which forced her to bring to and surrender, with the loss of ten men killed and several wounded, while the *Melampus* had but one man wounded. What was singular and can only be accounted for by a supposition on the part of the captain of the *Immortalité* that a superior English force was at hand, is, that his frigate, although in company with the *Résolue*, did not in any way interfere in the action between her and the *Melampus*, beyond making several signals. The *Immortalité* was subsequently (on the 20th October) captured by the *Fisgard*, Captain (now Admiral Sir T. Byam) Martin, after a severe action, with the loss of ten officers and forty-four men killed and sixty-one wounded,* and after having thrown overboard, while chased, fifteen hundred stand of arms.

On the 18th of October, the *Anson*, Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Philip) Durham, after an action of an hour and a quarter, took the *Loire*, which, before she surrendered, had forty-eight men killed and seventy-five wounded.† The *Loire* was one of the two frigates pursued by Sir John Warren on the morning of the 13th, and from whom she escaped. On the 15th, she was chased by the *Mermaid* and *Kangaroo*, and during the morning of

* The *Fisgard* had ten killed and twenty-five wounded.

† The *Anson* had two killed and thirteen wounded.

the 16th a slight engagement took place between her and the latter vessel, when the Kangaroo's foretopmast being shot away Captain Brace was obliged to give up the contest. At daylight on the 17th the Mermaid, Captain Newman, came up with the Loire, after a tedious chase of forty-eight hours, and a desperate fight ensued. A great part of the time the ships were within pistol shot of each other, and the French soldiers on board the Loire kept up a tremendous and incessant fire of musketry, although literally mowed down by the round and grape shot from the guns of the Mermaid. Both ships being dismasted and nearly wrecks the action was mutually discontinued. But the Loire escaped only from the Canada, the Kangaroo, and the Mermaid, to be taken, as has been stated, on the 18th by the Anson; and when her crippled state, and the great exhaustion of her crew is considered, her defence must stand amongst the most extraordinary instances of courage and perseverance upon record. The Loire is described as "one of the largest and finest frigates belonging to the French republic, presented by the city of Nantes, quite new, and never at sea before." She was pierced for fifty-four guns, and actually mounted forty-six eighteen-pounders. On board of her were a number of artillery-men, with the état-major for three regiments, three thousand complete suits of clothing, and upwards of a thousand muskets, with other arms and ammunition.

It was not until the 31st of October that the Robust brought her prize, the Hoche, into Lough Swilly;

for so tempestuous had been the weather that both ships, with the Doris, which had joined them, were nearly lost on Barra-head. The following is a copy of General Hardy's proclamation, from one taken on board the Hoche.

“LIBERTY! EQUALITY! FRATERNITY! UNION!
(*Device.*—A cap of liberty. Two hands united, and the rising-sun.)

“THE GENERAL COMMANDING THE FRENCH ARMY IN IRELAND, TO THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

“United Irishmen,—The persecution which you experience on the part of a government atrociously perfidious, has excited sentiments of indignation and horror in the breast of every friend of humanity. The lovers of liberty, while they admire your fortitude, deplore the situation to which you are reduced. The complaints of your suffering country are heard in all parts of the world, but your cause has become more particularly that of the French people. It is to give you new proofs of their affection, it is to second your generous efforts, that the Executive Directory of the French republic have sent me among you. I do not enter your country with hostile views, to spread terror and desolation around me. I come not to dictate the law. Companion and friend of the gallant Hoche, I follow scrupulously the line of conduct which he has chalked out. I come to fulfil his engagements; to offer you friendship and assistance; to bring you arms, ammunition, and all the means necessary to break the barbarous yoke under which you groan; I present to

you my brave companions; they know no other road but that of honour and victory. Long trained in the art of humbling tyrants, under whatever form they may present themselves, they will join their courage with yours; they will mix their bayonets with your pikes, and Ireland shall be free for ever!

“Unhappy victims of the most execrable despotism, you who groan in hideous dungeons, where at every moment you are plunged by the ferocious cruelty of your English tyrants, let hope once more revisit your hearts; your chains shall be broken. Unfortunate inhabitants, who have seen your houses, your property, wrapped in flames, by your pitiless enemies, your losses shall be repaired.

“Rest in peace, gallant and unspotted spirits of FITZGERALD,* of CROSBIE,† of COIGLEY,‡ of ORR,§ of

* Lord Edward, captured on the 19th May, 1798, as before mentioned, p. 81, died in Newgate, on the 4th June following, of the wounds he received in his struggle with Captain Ryan.

† Sir Edward Crosbie, Bart., hanged at Carlow, on the 5th June, 1798; and his head spiked on the gaol.

‡ Or Quigley, arrested with Mr. Arthur O'Connor, 28th February 1798, at Margate, on the point of embarking for France, to negotiate for the invasion of Ireland; tried at Maidstone, and hanged and beheaded on Penneden Heath, 7th June following, and buried under the gallows.

§ Hanged at Carrickfergus, 14th October, 1797. Some spirit-stirring verses, entitled the “Wake of William Orr,” by Dr. Drennan, which originally appeared in the *Press* newspaper, may be found reprinted in a Collection of the *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, published by Duffy, Dublin, 1845.

HARVEY;* your blood, shed for the sacred cause of liberty, shall cement the independence of Ireland; it circulates in the veins of all your countrymen, and the United Republicans swear to punish your assassins.

(Signed) HARDY."

An improbable anecdote is related in "Tone's Memoirs" of the manner in which Tone was recognised, or, according to the colouring given to the transaction, betrayed by Sir George Hill. This anecdote appears to have no better authority, for its foundation, than paragraphs in the *Courier* newspaper of the 7th, 9th, and 17th of November, 1798, which paragraphs, when the then almost republican politics of that print are considered, any dispassionate reader would discredit. But (if it were necessary to vindicate a loyal subject, and a magistrate, from the charge of doing his public duty without reference to his private feelings) what sets this story at rest, or at least deprives it of its sting, is a private letter from Lord Castlereagh, which the Editor has seen, dated ten days before the arrival of the Hoche in Lough Swilly. In this his lordship (then Secretary of State) says:—"I congratulate England no less on the capture of the Hoche,

* A highly respectable Protestant gentleman who headed the rebels in the county of Wexford. Upon the royal army obtaining possession of Wexford, 21st June 1798, he escaped to one of the Saltee Islands, off the coast of that county, and was taken there; brought to Wexford, tried by court-martial, on the 26th June, 1798, and hanged on the following day.

than I do Ireland on the value of her cargo. The arch-traitor Tone is himself a very capital prize." It is therefore evident that the Irish government were perfectly aware that Tone was on board the *Hoche*, and consequently their prisoner before the arrival of that ship in port.

Tone was transmitted to Dublin, where he was tried by court-martial, and having nothing to offer in palliation of his treason, except the vindication of it, was sentenced to death. He appeared at his trial in French uniform, and on hearing the sentence requested to be shot, as a soldier holding a commission in the French service under the name of Smith, which request was of course refused. On the evening previous to the day fixed for his execution he was found to have wounded himself in the throat so desperately that he could not be moved without the probability of dying before he reached the scaffold, and after lingering in this state for a week, he died in prison, on the 19th of November, a martyr in the cause of rebellion.

The private journals of Tone, published by his son, and which have been before mentioned and quoted from, prove that he was, like most rebels, an ambitious and a disappointed man. It is evident that he possessed nothing more than ordinary talent, with extraordinary vanity. And it may not be incurious, as a moral lesson, to prove this assertion from his own confessions. On the 24th of February, 1796, when in Paris intriguing for the invasion of Ireland, he writes, "I believe that wiser men, if they would speak the

truth, would feel elevated in my situation; hunted from my own country as a traitor, living obscurely in America as an exile, and received in France by the Executive Directory almost as an ambassador. Well, murder will out. I am as vain as the devil." Vol. ii, p. 30. On the 15th of August following, Tone writes, "Put on my regimentals for the first time." "Walked about Paris to shew myself," and so on.

Before closing Tone's journals there is one observation, almost the only shrewd one to be found therein, which deserves notice as prophetically applicable to himself. It occurs under date of the 7th March, 1796 (vol. ii, p. 40), moralizing upon the fate of Admiral Trogoff and the fortunes of Dumourier, he writes thus: "If men had common sense, not to say common honesty, they would not be traitors to their country with such examples before their eyes."

SONGS REFERRING TO THE ACTION OF SIR
JOHN BORLASE WARREN'S SQUADRON
WITH THE FRENCH FLEET.

I.

THE SONG OF THEOBALD WOLF TONE.

FROM a manuscript copy. It is printed in the second volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs." A. Edwards, Cork, 1800, p. 28, with the following title, "Song xxi. By an Irishman (on board the La Hoche), one of our patriotic countrymen, who joined our national and inveterate enemy in their late fruitless attempt to invade this kingdom."

From France to Lough Swilly I came,
And that, by my soul, was a blunder ;
But I thought that my high-sounding name
Would in Ireland perform some wonder ;
I star'd, and my friends all look'd blue,
When "Sir John" and his fleet did perceive us,
For I knew, once he got us in view,
The devil himself could not save us.

Tol de rol, rol de rol.

British thunder now roared in my ears,
 Seemed to shake the world to its foundation;
 So I down on my knees to my prayers,*
 And begg'd heav'n to preserve the "great" nation;
 But all I could say 'twas in vain,
 Heav'n deigned not to hear my petition,
 For I'd follow'd too much of "Tom Paine,"†
 "That curse" to a civilized nation.
 Tol lol, &c.

The balls rattled round us like hail,
 ("Och" Brest, how I wish'd I'd been in it,)
 Now our courage began for to fail,
 And our colours were struck in a minute;‡

* A bad rhyme with worse reason. Tone was evidently one of those philosophers "who'd rather drink than pray," and although he terminated his career by suicide, no man, either morally or physically speaking, can be more unfairly charged with cowardice.

† An edition of thirty thousand copies of "Paine's Age of Reason" was printed at Belfast, for gratuitous circulation by the society of United Irishmen.

‡ Be the same more or less. In *Tone's Memoirs* the action is asserted to have lasted six hours, and to have been maintained by the Hoche (of 74 guns) "surrounded by four sail of-the-line and a frigate." The *London Gazette* (21st October 1798), upon which the Editor is inclined to place at least equal reliance, states that "the action commenced at twenty minutes past seven, a.m., and at eleven the Hoche (of 80 guns), after a gallant defence, struck." It also happens that there were only three English sail-of-the-line in the action. James, in his *Naval History*,

Then they mann'd us with tars who could fight,
 There are few such in all the "great nation";
 Had the Directory but seen the sight,
 How they'd blush for their "grand expedition."
 Tol de rol, &c.

But who dare attempt to oppose
 Britain's heroes upon their own ocean?
 As to striving to land on their shore,
 In troth they're "beat out of the notion";
 And when their envoy comes begging for peace,
 Unless in a balloon they can swing him;
 In England he'll ne'er shew his face,
 Till they "borrow a vessel to bring him."
 Tol lol, &c.

vol. ii, p. 226, says "that about half-past eight a warm cannonade commenced, and about half-past ten the Hoche struck"; thus reducing the actual engagement from *six* to *two* hours, and which statement is probably nearest to the truth, as according to the log of the Robust (unquestionably the best authority), that ship got alongside of the Hoche at fifty minutes past eight, and at forty-nine minutes past ten the Hoche struck.

These discrepancies afford an example of the difficulties which an honest and careful historian has to contend with; and the close investigation necessary to arrive at a correct conclusion upon any point.

II.

WHEN THE PADDIES OF ERIN.

PRINTED in the second volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs," A. Edwards, Cork, 1800, p. 32, and stated to be written "by a member of lodge 540."

Tune—"Croppies lie down."

When the paddies of Erin took a pike in each hand,
And wisely concerted reform in the land;
Ough, and all that's before them they'd drive, to be sure,
And for conjured up grievances each had a cure.

But down, down, Croppies, &c.

What generals and captains, my boys, did appear!
And each polished youth thought the case was quite clear;
It was, "By my shoul, honies, the English shall dance
To the tune of Ca Ira—for we shall join France."

Down, down, &c.

But agra, the sad change all the nabobs doth rue,
For thousands appear dressed in orange and blue;
And oh, wirristrue, I'm told that before
Poor Teague shall be easy we'll have thousands more.

Down, down, &c.

And each manly breast that wears orange and blue,
Contains but one heart,—but, faith, that one is true ;
No wonder poor Croppies the Orange despise,
For the good and the loyal most dearly we prize.

Down, down, &c.

Troth, Paddy a vurneen, you'll never succeed,
For a scourge we shall be to your delicate breed ;
The hopes of proud France, O hone, are laid low,
And the heads of your party a voyage must go.

Down, down, &c.

FINIS.

The Percy Society,

FOR THE

PUBLICATION OF ANCIENT BALLADS, POETRY,
AND POPULAR LITERATURE.

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ESTABLISHED 1840.  
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Council, 1847-8.

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Subscription £1 per Annum.

A new work is issued on the first day of every alternate Month, and will be delivered to the order of each Member, at Mr. Richards's Printing Office, 100 St. Martin's Lane, where also Subscriptions are received.

Subscriptions become due in advance on the 1st of May in each year, and no books are considered due until the subscription has been paid.

The Society is limited to Five Hundred Members.

Persons wishing to become Members are requested to send their names to the SECRETARY, care of Mr. Richards, 100, St. Martin's Lane, London, where all communications on the affairs of the Society should be addressed.

New Members may have the Works already printed, on payment of the Subscription for those years. No complete Sets remain of the Publications of the First Year.

The Percy Society.

AT a General Meeting of the PERCY SOCIETY, held in the Rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, on the 1st of May, 1847,—

The Right Hon. LORD BRAYBROOKE, President, in the Chair,—

The Secretary read the Report of the Council, dated the 1st of May, whereupon it was—

Resolved—That the Report be received and adopted, and the thanks of the Society be given to the Council for their services.

The Report of the Auditors, dated the 29th April, was read by the Secretary, whereupon it was—

Resolved—That the Report of the Auditors be received and adopted, and that the thanks of the Society be given them for their services.

The Meeting then proceeded to the election of Officers and Council, when—

THE RT. HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE, F.S.A.

was elected President,

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.

ROBERT BELL, Esq.

WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, Esq.

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THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., *Treasurer and Secretary.*

were elected Council of the Society, and W. Chaffers, Jun. Esq., Captain Johns, R.M., and E. R. Moran, Esq., were elected Auditors for the ensuing year.

The thanks of the Society were then voted to the editors of the Publications of the past year ; to Thomas Wright, Esq., for his services as Treasurer and Secretary ; to the Royal Society of Literature, for the use of their Rooms for the Anniversary Meeting ; to the University of Cambridge, for the liberal loan of two MSS. of the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer ; and to the President, for the warm interest which he has always taken in the proceedings of the Society.

ANNUAL REPORT.

MAY 1st, 1847.

THE Council of the PERCY SOCIETY rejoices that it can again lay before the Society at large an encouraging statement of its condition and finances. In no previous year has the Society closed its labours with so large a real balance in hand. The number of members has been encreasing, though slowly, for the number of names added to the list during the year exceeds that of those of whom it has been deprived by death and other causes. Still, in pointing out to attention how much has been done by the economical application of the comparatively small funds at its disposal, the Council avails itself of the opportunity of urging upon the members individually the expediency in every point of view of making its objects more generally known, in the hope that, by filling up its originally prescribed number of members, its usefulness may be proportionally increased.

The value set upon the Society's publications is apparent, not only from the increasing prices given for them, when they find their way into the market, but by the number of back sets which have been taken by new members during the past year, although the first year is already so much exhausted that no more than five of its publications can now be supplied.

During the past year the Council has been enabled to carry into effect one of its proposed series of works of more standard character in the older literature of the country, by the publi-

cation of the first volume of a new edition of the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer. It is confidently expected that the second volume will be ready for delivery on the 1st of September; and the present condition of the society leads the Council to hope that it will be able eventually to make this a complete edition of all Chaucer's works, edited, with notes, from the best manuscripts now existing. A new and carefully-revised text of the Poems of the Earl of Surrey is also preparing under the editorial care of Mr. Bolton Corney, and is designed to form one of the next year's publications. The Council has also taken into consideration a suggestion made at the last Anniversary Meeting, on the propriety of giving the members an index of the separate pieces contained in the various publications of the Society since its commencement, for the convenience of general reference; and an index of this description is now in preparation, the compilation of which has been kindly undertaken by one of the members.

The publications for the last year have been—

I. A Dialogue on Wit and Folly, by John Heywood, now first printed from the original MS. by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

II. A Collection of Proverbs and Popular Sayings relating to the Seasons, the Weather, and Agricultural Pursuits. By M. A. Denham.

III. Popular Songs, illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland. Part II. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.

IV. The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer. A new Text, with Illustrative Notes. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., etc. Vol. I.

V. The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessy; and how she married King Henry the Seventh of the House of Lancaster. Edited by Jas. O. Halliwell, Esq.

The concluding portion of Mr. Croker's Popular Songs illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland, is also ready,

but it will be held back a few days in order that the Titles to the volumes and the Report of the Annual Meeting may be delivered along with it.

During the past year, also, the following additions have been made to the list of suggested publications.

1. Specimens of Popular English Poetry of the Fifteenth Century, from a MS. in private hands, never before used by Literary Antiquaries.

2. A Collection of Military Ballads, as a Companion to the Collection of Naval Ballads already published by the Society.

3. Festive Songs of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, to be edited by W. Sandys, Esq. F.S.A.

4. The Interlude of the Four Elements, to be edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.S.A.

5. An inedited Play of Massinger, entitled "Believe as you list," to be edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. F.S.A., from the original manuscript in his own possession.

6. A curious satirical tract of the seventeenth century, entitled "The Man in the Moon," to be edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

7. A Selection from the Roxburghe Ballads now in the British Museum.

8. A new edition of Barclay's Eclogues.

Among other works suggested for future publication, the following may be specified:

1. The Poems of Hoccleve. To be Edited by W. H. Black, Esq.

2. A Collection of Ballads relating to the Persecutions of the Roman Catholics in the North of England, during the Reign of Elizabeth.

3. A Collection of Satirical Songs and Ballads on Costume, commencing with the Reign of Henry III, with Illustrative Notes, and Introduction. By F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.

4. An Edition of Heywood's "Dialogue contayning in effect the number of al the Proverbes in the English Tongue compact in a matter concerning two marriages."

5. A Collection of Ballads, in old French and English, relating to Cocaygne. To be Edited by T. Wright, Esq.

6. A Collection of Jacobite Ballads and Fragments, many of them hitherto unpublished. To be edited by William Jerdan, Esq. M.R.S.L.

7. A Collection of Charms, illustrative of English superstitions in former days. From early manuscripts.

8. "Rede me and be nott wrothe." A Satire on Cardinal Wolsey, by William Roy.

9. The History of the Office of Poet Laureate in England, with Notices of the existence of similar offices in Italy and Germany. By James J. Scott, Esq.

10. Historical Ballads, in the Scottish Dialect, relating to events in the years 1570, 1571, and 1572; from the copies preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London. To be edited by David Laing, Esq., F.S.A.Sc.

11. A Selection from the Poems of Taylor the Water-Poet.

10. A Continuation of the Collection of Ballads, by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

The Council may be allowed to repeat the invitation made in its former Reports, to Members of the Society and others, to suggest new works for consideration. The Society is obliged to all gentlemen who may contribute rare tracts or ballads from private collections; as well as to the different Editors, by whose zeal and gratuitous labours they may be ushered into the world. In the present year it has especially to acknowledge its obligations to the liberality of the University of Cambridge, for the loan of two valuable manuscripts of "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales."

J. S. MOORE, *Chairman.*

THOMAS WRIGHT, *Secretary.*

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS FOR 1847.

WE, the Auditors appointed by the Percy Society to examine the Accounts of the Treasurer, from the 29th of April 1846, to the 28th of April 1847, certify that the Treasurer has exhibited his Accounts to us, and that we have thoroughly examined the same, together with his Receipts and other Vouchers, and that we find them to be perfectly correct and satisfactory.

And we further report that the following is a correct abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society, during the period to which we have referred:

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions paid for the year ending May 1, 1847 ...	198	0	0
Arrears received during the year, including six sets of the Society's publications taken by new Members ...	106	0	0
Balance in hand from the last year's Account	20	0	10
Subscriptions received in advance for the year ending May 1, 1848	16	0	0
	£340	0	10

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
To Mr. Richards for Printing (including for Advertising, £7. 12s.; Insuring Stock, £1. 10s.; Warehousing, £2. 2s.; and Delivery of Books and other Expenses, £12. 1s.).....	167	6	6
To Mr. Fuller for Paper	69	0	0
For Binding	8	0	0
For Engraving.....	3	16	0
Expenses allowed to Agents.....	0	4	0
Additional Advertising	0	17	0
Payments connected with the Editing of Chaucer, Vol. I. and the obtaining the MSS. from Cambridge	28	6	5
Transcripts	0	16	4
Petty Expenses, Postage, &c.	8	7	3
	286	13	6
Balance in hand.....	53	7	4
	£340	0	10

And we also certify that the Treasurer has reported to us, that there remain unreceived a considerable number of Subscriptions for the past year; a circumstance which subjects the operations of the Society to much uncertainty, and narrows the field of its utility.

Signed { ROBERT BELL,
EDWARD RALEIGH MORAN.

April 28, 1847.

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* * The names marked * are those of gentlemen who have compounded.

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